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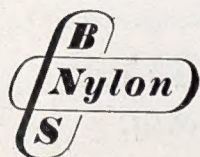
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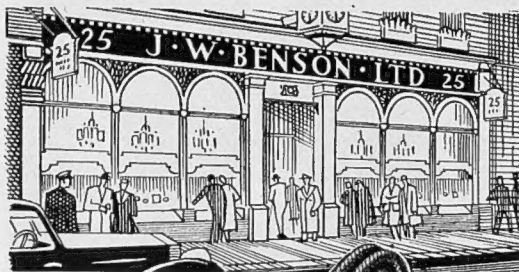


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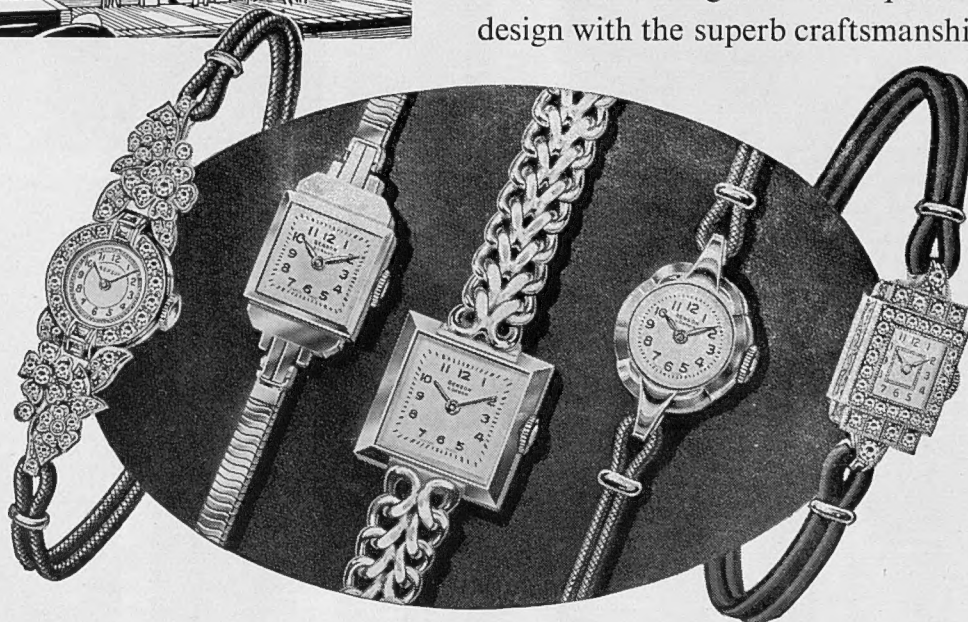


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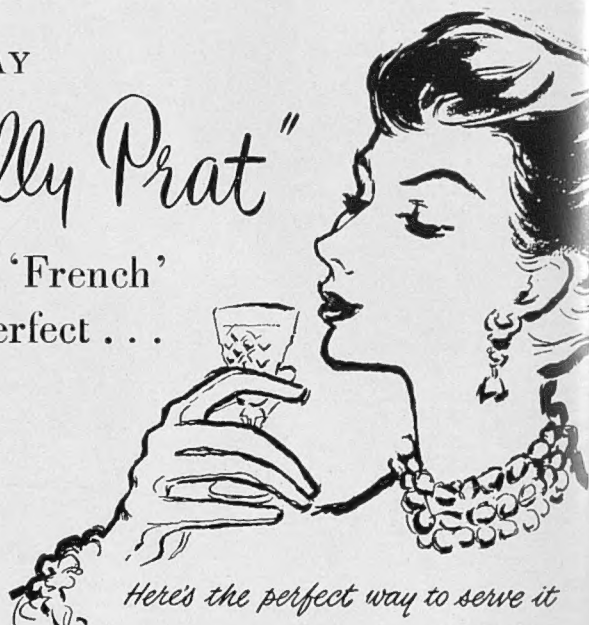
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Above Single stone diamond ring, set in platinum £350

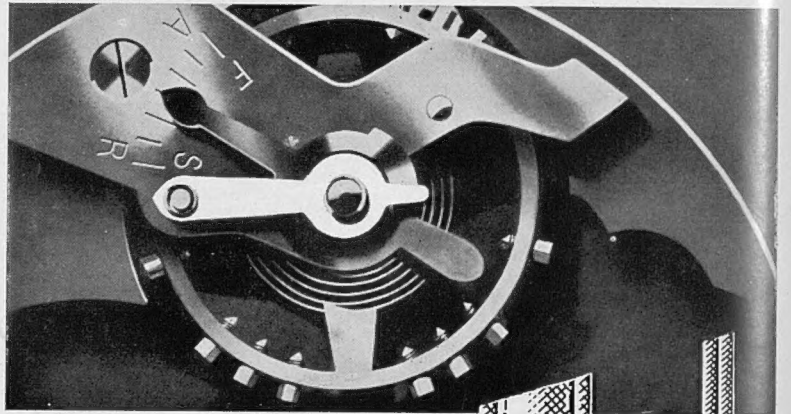
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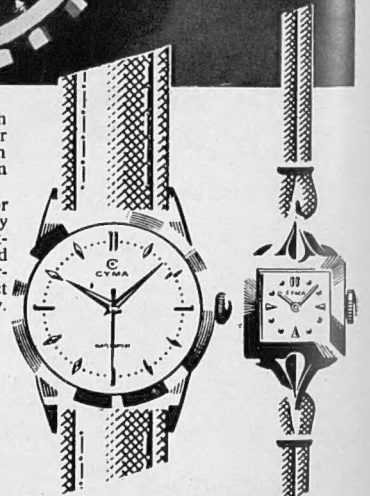
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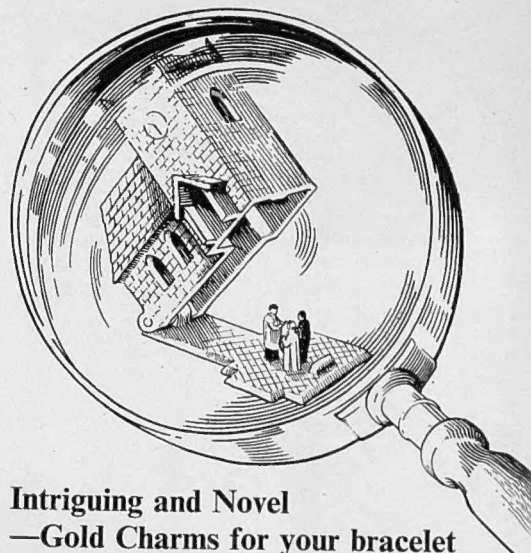


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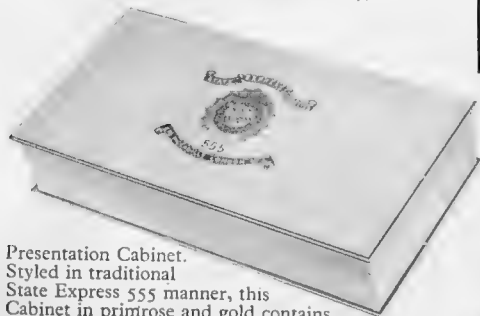
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In colourful outers with
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NOV. 24
1954

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Andrews' Cake

A MOST ENGROSSING STORY

LADY JOHN HOPE, with her sons Julian, aged five, and Jonathan, three, at her home near Henley-on-Thames. Lady Hope is the daughter of Mr. Somerset Maugham, a festival of whose works is at present being held by the B.B.C. Her husband, Lord John Hope, brother of the Marquess of Linlithgow, is one of the Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretaries of State in the Foreign Office



STANDING IN FRONT OF FAIRNINGTON HOUSE, near Maxton, Roxburghshire, are, left to right: Mr. L. Hamilton-Renwick, the equestrian artist, Mrs. H. Leggat, Mrs. R. Buller, a well-known racehorse owner, and Mrs. G. Rogerson. This fine property belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leggat, who own what is probably the best stud of racehorses in Scotland

Brodrick Haldane

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN'S GREAT RACING SEASON

ON the night of their return from their recent stay at Sandringham, the Queen and Prince Philip attended a special film performance at the Empire Theatre in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. They were accompanied by Princess Margaret who had just returned from staying with friends in Scotland. The Royal party saw the film *Beau Brummell*, starring Stewart Granger and Elizabeth Taylor, and during the evening several of the film stars were presented to them.

★ ★ ★

THE flat racing season has ended on a very satisfactory note, for our beloved young Queen heads the list of winning owners: the first time, I believe, that a reigning monarch has achieved this success in a full normal season's racing. Her father headed the list of winning owners in 1942, but that was only for a season of very limited wartime racing.

Much of the Queen's success is due to her own home-bred colt Aureole, who was so

efficiently trained for her by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket. Aureole has now retired to stud at Sandringham, where the Queen and Prince Philip and their children, and several members of the Royal Household who take a keen interest in racing, were able to see him during their recent stay.

During residence at Sandringham the Queen went over to Newmarket where she lunched with Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and in the morning watched some of her horses at work. After lunch she went round the stables. Here among other horses, she saw Alexander, whom we all hope to see carrying the Royal colours to victory in the Derby next year, Bella Donna, a promising filly who is entered in the Oaks, and Aureole's half brother, Opalescent, a yearling by Borealis.

I WENT down to Lingfield Park for the final day of the flat season, and found it very crowded, no doubt due to the fact that the meeting at Manchester, which included the Manchester November Handicap, had to be abandoned owing to floods. Several of the horses who would have run at Manchester ran at Lingfield instead and there were some very big fields. The going was holding after the

very heavy rain, and winners were hard to find. Several outsiders made their winter's keep. One of the best performances of the afternoon was when Mrs. G. M. Taylor's Nuage Doré repeated his success of last year by winning the Finale Plate of a mile and a half, this time under the top weight of 9 stone 4 pounds.

GEORGE COLLING brought off a double when Just Reward, which he trains for Lord Derby, won the Southern Counties Stakes, as earlier in the afternoon he had won the Lingfield Stakes with Col. George Burn's Haytedder. Mrs. Edwin McAlpine's good-looking chestnut colt Gesture, trained by Sam Armstrong, won the November Nursery Handicap in convincing style, but the owner was not there to see his success as she had several members of her family home for half-term.

Mr. John Rogerson, one of the stewards of the meeting, was there with his wife, who arrived just in time for the first race, having been out hunting all the morning. Lord Hothfield, another steward, I saw with Lady Hothfield. Lord and Lady Manton had motored up from Plumpton, and the latter, looking lovely and very chic in a

light fawn ensemble, was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson. Also in the Members Enclosure were the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the latter wearing a mink coat over her grey suit, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Palmer, who had come down from London, Lady Claud Hamilton, also wearing a mink coat, Lady Margaret van Cutsem, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, who had two runners during the afternoon, one of which was third in the Starboro Plate.

Sir Simon and Lady Marks were enjoying this final day, also Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, the Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard, Mr. John Baillie, who had also been out hunting in the morning, Mr. Stewart Cooper, who is flying out to Singapore before Christmas to spend it with his younger son Pat, who is stationed there, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, who are off on a trip to South Africa early in the New Year, Miss Doreen Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Orr, enjoying their home meeting, and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie and his fiancée, Miss Penelope Colt, who are getting married in London in January.

★ ★ ★

MORE than six hundred guests went to the reception which the Saudi Arabian Ambassador and Mme. Wahba gave to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of King Saud Abdul Aziz Al Saud. It took place in their fine new Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens (formerly the home of Sir Alfred Chester-Beatty) in which Mme. Wahba has supervised the décor with great taste. Wearing a very chic black cocktail dress, she stood beside her husband receiving the guests who included Cabinet Ministers, members of both Houses of Parliament, prominent figures of the Diplomatic Corps, and of the Saudi Arabian colony in London, many of whom wore their picturesque national costume.

Many guests enjoyed the cold dishes on the long buffet down the centre of the big music room, where fine tapestries hang on the panelled walls. Two of the first people I met were the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, who are both much liked in this country. Unfortunately, they had to leave early for another engagement. The Argentine Ambassador was already there and I saw Sir John Monck the former Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps greeting many old friends, the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen accompanied by their daughter Evie, who had come from their nearby Embassy, and the Marquess of Reading making his way through the crowded rooms to find a friend he wanted to see.

Lord McGowan came in for a short while before he went on to dine with Sir Ernest Oppenheimer. Mrs. Ernest Bevin, who told me how much she had enjoyed her visit to America, was talking to Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson. I also met Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Lady Grantchester and Sir Frank and Lady Roberts. The latter were bidding farewell to numerous friends as they were going to Belgrade a few days later where he is to take up his appointment as British Ambassador.

★ ★ ★

THE Bridge and Canasta party held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Central London Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was a greater success than ever this year. This magnificent Institution, which annually saves so many lives, is still entirely run by voluntary contributions. Mrs. Alexander Eddy, chairman of the Central London Branch, was also the very hard-working and successful chairman of the

Bridge Party Committee, whose great achievement it was that a record number of tables were sold this year, and a record number of advertisements collected for the very well produced programme.

H.H. Princess Marie Louise was president of the party and the patrons included the Ambassadors of France, Norway, Cuba, Spain, the Argentine, Belgium, the Netherlands and Finland. Among those I saw playing at the many tables arranged all over the ballroom were Earl and Countess Howe—he is Deputy-Chairman of the R.N.L.I., and made a speech during the evening. General Sir Ivor Thomas, who was there with Lady Thomas, also made a short speech, and Admiral Ross did excellent work announcing at the microphone during the evening. Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Mrs. Gilbert Mansell, Lady Marks, Lady Dovercourt, Lady Maclean, Elizabeth Lady Cory and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller were among the vice-chairmen who had parties at different tables.

Members of the committee playing included Lady Bird, a former chairman, Lady Gloria Flower, Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie and her stepfather, Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Mrs. Vernon Tate and Mrs. Hubert Raphael and her husband. Three of the National Lifeboatmen were selling programmes, as also were a number of pretty young girls, including Miss Caroline Judd, in emerald green, Miss Elizabeth Simmons, Miss Ann Johnstone and Miss Anne Rhodes. Capt. Humphrey Tollemache was among the successful players who won one of the splendid prizes which had all been donated.

The ballroom and the foyer where the prizes were on show, and where a stall of Christmas gifts for sale had been set up, had all been gaily decorated by men of the R.N.L.I. from the Boreham Wood depot.

Pictures of the party will be found on pages 482-3.

★ ★ ★

THE Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen had their charming daughter Evie and their young sons Peter and Christopher to help them look after the guests at a delightful small cocktail party they gave recently at the Norwegian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, when many of the guests were younger members of the Diplomatic Corps. These included M. Lepori from the Swiss Embassy, M. Francis de la Barre, M. Jean Bourgaux and Baron Jean d'Anethan with his charming wife, all from the Belgian Embassy. From the Italian Embassy I saw Signor Pignatti Morano and Signor Meschinelli. Señor Nery and his English-born wife and Señor and Señora Capurro came from the Uruguayan Embassy, and from the Spanish the Marques de Latorre de Alcántara and Señor Zavala, who are on the Duque de Primo de Rivera's staff there.

M. Sverre, Attaché at the Norwegian Embassy, was among the Ambassador's staff at the party, while younger members of the Foreign Office were Sir Andrew Cuninghame and Viscount Norwich, the latter escorting his beautiful wife, who wore a little black hat with a long red coat. They were talking to the Hon. John Warrender, who told me that he had good news of his mother, Dorothy Lady Bruntisfield, who now makes her home in Kenya.

The Hon. John Harvey and his Italian-born wife were talking to M. Per Aabel, the brilliant Norwegian actor, who is now playing in England for the first time. Mr. John Harvey is a clever sculptor and is busy working at the moment on several commissions. I also saw Count Joseph Czernin, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lascelles, the Hon. Hugo Money-Coutts, Earl Granville, Lord John Cholmondeley, Lord Balniel and



HER MAJESTY receiving a bouquet from Nicholas Hawkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hawkins, at the Royal Film Performance at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square



Prince Philip was talking to Mr. Peter Ustinov, one of the stars of the film—Beau Brummell—chosen for the performance



Mr. Jack Hawkins, the British screen and television star, with his wife and two boys after their arrival at the cinema

[Continued overleaf]



Desmond O'Neill

LORD RENNELL OF RODD'S SECOND DAUGHTER WEDDED

AFTER their wedding at the Carmelite Chapel at Presteign in Radnorshire, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Dunne greeted over three hundred guests at the bride's home, The Rodd. The bride's dress was of white silk and her bouquet, also, was white



Miss Angela Dunne and Miss Perina Courtauld, who were both bridesmaids, opened some of the congratulatory telegrams with Mr. Basil Bicknell, the best man

Continuing The Social Journal

Reception by "Mayor of the Embassies"

his Swiss-born wife, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft's half-sister, Signorina Marinella Malagola and Senhorinha Betty de Souza Leao-Gracie, daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, whose sister Veronica was unfortunately ill and unable to come to this very enjoyable party.

★ ★ ★

COUNCILLOR LADY PETRIE, the Mayor of Kensington, stood receiving guests at the top of the wide staircase of the Kensington Town Hall for nearly an hour at the big reception she recently gave. Lady Petrie wore her mink-trimmed scarlet mayoral robes and carried a bouquet which had been presented to her by the Matron and nurses of St. Mary Abbots Hospital, Kensington, of which she is chairman. Sir Charles Petrie was always at hand to help his wife look after the guests, as also was their son Peter who is now doing his National Service with the Grenadier Guards after coming down from Oxford where he passed his Foreign Service examination. He hopes eventually to make the Foreign Service his career.

Many members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps were present, also the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayors and Mayoresses of many Metropolitan and Greater London boroughs, and other public figures.

THERE were two formal and picturesque processions through the ballroom, the first including the Lord Mayor and the acting Lady Mayoress, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. Howard, with the Sheriffs and their ladies, and the Chairman of the L.C.C. (of which Lady Petrie is a member) and Mrs. V. Mishcon. A little later came the second procession headed by the Lord Chancellor, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of Supply, the Earl of Reading and the Countess of Reading and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, whose husband, the Minister of Transport, was delayed in the House. The M.P. for Kensington North, Mr. G. H. R. Rogers, was also kept in the House and unable to get to the reception, but Sir Patrick Spens, the M.P. for Kensington South, was there with Lady Spens.

As the Borough of Kensington includes thirty-two Embassies, it was not surprising to



Miss Julia de Wesselow, Mr. John Standen and Mr. and Mrs. D. Allman had all come to drink a toast to the bridal pair



Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd, parents of the bride, who is the second of their four daughters, awaited their many guests



Left to right: Mrs. and Mr. J. P. Gerard-Dunne and Mrs. Tom Dunne, the bridegroom's mother, waiting to wish the bride and groom "Godspeed" after the reception

find so many members of the Diplomatic Corps at the party. I believe that all these Embassies were represented, and several outside the borough. The Spanish Ambassador, whose residence is in the City of Westminster, was there, also the Russian Ambassador who has one of the fine houses in Kensington Palace Gardens, the new Philippines Ambassador and his pretty wife, the Vietnam Ambassador and the High Commissioner for Pakistan.

Besides the Lord Chancellor, other members of the legal profession at the party included Mr. Justice Vaisey and his wife, Judge Sir Gerald Hargreaves and Mr. Justice Sachs and the Hon. Lady Sachs, who looked most attractive in olive green; she is a daughter of that great legal personality Lord Goddard. Among the younger guests were the Duque and Duques of Montoro who are over here for their usual autumn visit. Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam looked sweet in a white dress embroidered with pearls and paillettes, the Hon. Rodney Elton was there, also recently married Mr. and Mrs. Clay Tickell. She was Zoë Gunn, daughter of the portrait painter James Gunn, and her husband, who has just finished his service with the Coldstream Guards, is now working at the Foreign Office.

MRS. THELMA DE CHAIR, Mrs. Nora Runge and Mrs. Eileen Hoare were among members of the L.C.C., which was well represented. Alderman Henry Dickens, of the Kensington Borough Council, was there with his wife. They recently celebrated their golden wedding in America while visiting their daughter Monica Dickens, who has written many amusing books. She is now married to an American, Cdr. Roy Stratton, and living over there. Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh were at the reception, also Lord and Lady Russell of Liverpool, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, the Hon. Dudley and Mrs. Ryder, Lord Swinfen, Lord Sempill, wearing the kilt, Sir Harry Brittain who had come on from the Canadian Universities Club dinner at which Prince Philip was present, Mr. Harold Speed the artist, who is a great character in Kensington, Capt. Taprell Dorling, R.N. (retd.), who is well known for his stories under the name of Taffrail, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ingram, Mrs. W. Rennie-O'Mahony, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland Moore, the Dowager Lady Swaythling and Lady Hacking, whose husband was laid up with sinus trouble.

The band of the Grenadier Guards played during the reception and later for dancing, which took place in the Large Hall amid

charming decorations with chrysanthemums and autumn foliage.

Another big and enjoyable diplomatic party was the reception given by the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria at the Belgian Embassy in Belgrave Square, in honour of the birthday of young King Baudouin of Belgium. As at the Saudi Arabian Embassy, there were many members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps present among the seven hundred guests.

THE host and hostess received their friends on the first floor, and then many of the guests went downstairs to drink the young King's health in the dining-room or the library, where some fine oil paintings adorn the walls.

Here I met the Luxembourg Minister and his lovely wife who were also at the Saudi Arabian party. They were talking to Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, who was returning to Lisbon a few days later. Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant were chatting with Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller and Mrs. Alistair Cameron in the dining-room, and beyond them I met Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who as usual was immaculately turned out, wearing a short black poult dress and little cherry red cap. The Hon. Lady Monckton stopped at the bottom of the wide staircase to chat for a while with the Danish Ambassador, and here I met Sir Denys Lowson



Mrs. and Mr. F. J. L. Dunne, sister-in-law and brother of the bridegroom. The wedding cake was made by friends of the bride's family in Ottawa

and Sir Charles Taylor who have both recently returned from America, and Lady Taylor. She and her husband were off to Italy a few days later where he had to go on business.

I had a word with Lord and Lady Dunboyne as they left to go on to another party, also Capt. and Mrs. Murray-Lawes who are delighted with their new home in Kent, Mr. Marcus Cheke, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, wearing a charming brown ensemble, and the Swiss Minister, who was among the later arrivals as was Mr. John Foster, Q.C., M.P., who was just arriving from the House of Commons as I left.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a very gay and amusing cocktail party which Mrs. John Ward gave in honour of Mme. Marcel Rochas, who was over with her husband on a visit from Paris, and for Mr. I. S. V. Patcévitch, who was over from America and had spent some time in Paris before coming to London. The party took place in the John Wards' charming house in Chester Street, and Col. Ward was there to help his wife, who looked lovely in a black pleated tulle dress. The first-floor drawing-room was soon crowded with guests, among whom were some of the best looking and best dressed women in London.

These included Mme. Mendoza in Givenchy's full-skirted black taffeta dress, accompanied by her husband, the Cuban Ambassador, Countess Beatty, also in black, with Earl Beatty, Mrs. Antony Norman, very chic in Balmain's warm cocktail dress and jacket made of an unusual and very glamorous material woven with silk wool and a gold thread, and Lady Elizabeth Clyde talking to Mr. Whitney Straight, whose wife Lady Daphne Straight was conversing with her host nearby. The Straights were flying out next day to see how the villa they are building at Formentor was progressing, and two days after their return from Majorca they were flying to America, but will be back in London for Christmas.

The Duke of Buccleuch came along to the party as did Viscount Astor, the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, Mr. Tommy Clyde, Mr. Antony Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Viscount Ednam, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, the Comtesse de Rives and M. and Mme. Bory who were all over from Paris, and Sir Francis and Lady Peek who sailed on the Cunard liner Queen Mary the following day for New York on their way to their home in Nassau.

*Drawing by Benjamin*

AN INDOMITABLE EIGHTY

NEXT Tuesday, Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., will be eighty, thus coming within reach of the record of Gladstone, Prime Minister at eighty-four. But there comparison fails, for even that great statesman might well have blenched at the task Sir Winston set himself and the country in 1940, and with faith and staunchness on both sides carried through. History shows no precedent for those odds, and this man. May we yet long be granted his counsel and character

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In a Knightsbridge square a day or two ago I heard a sturdy, swarthy old gipsy woman singing, her palm cupped to her right ear.

*Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender,
Sixteen branches a penny. . . .*

It is the last of London's street cries to survive.

A curious thing is that two years ago, when I was in Hollywood, I hummed it over for Charlie Chaplin and he made it into the theme tune of his new film *Limelight*.

The tune, as adapted by Charlie, at once became the most popular number on what is known as the Hit Parade and stayed at the top for months.

Charlie has made more money from it than he did from the film.

When I saw him again, last week, he said wryly: "Funny thing about song writing. It's so easy. Anybody could do it."

By anybody, of course, Charlie meant anybody named Chaplin.

* * *

NOT wanting to harp on a subject, I cannot resist the temptation to return to my friend the maligned Richard III, worst used king of England.

By coincidence, no more, I was reading this week Vol. VI of *The Minor Works Of Jane Austen* (Oxford University Press). This is a piece of juvenilia, obviously written by Jane to amuse her father, and it is entitled: "A History Of England, By A Partial, Prejudiced And Ignorant Historian—n.b. There Will Be Very Few Dates In This History."

No dates, but observe the mind of young Jane, probably the shrewdest woman who ever wrote in the English language, in the following passage:

"The character of this Prince (Richard III) has been in general very severely treated by historians, but as he was a York I am rather inclined to suppose him a very respectable man.

"It has indeed been confidently asserted that he killed his two nephews and his wife, but it has also been decided that he did not kill his two nephews (they were the princes in the Tower, you will remember) which I am inclined to believe true. And if this be the case it may also be affirmed that he did not kill his wife. For if Perkin Warbeck was really the Duke of York, why might not Lambert Simnel be the widow of Richard?

"Whether innocent or guilty he did not reign long in peace for Henry Tudor, E. of Richmond, as great a villain as ever lived, made a great fuss about getting the crown and having killed the king at the battle of Bosworth, he succeeded to it."

I am most inclined to believe Miss Austen, and I am writing tonight to

New York, where lies the headquarters of the Friends of Richard III, Inc., to give them this extract from the juvenilia of England's greatest woman writer.

I think it might earn me membership of their excellent company.

* * *

ONE of these days it was bound to happen.

An orchestra in New York played a Beethoven symphony recently and report says they played it so well that the audience stood up to applaud them at the end.

Why this enthusiasm?

There was no conductor on the podium.

The musicians simply read the score and played the music as the composer had originally intended.

To be sure, all this was done in honour of the great Toscanini, but the proof of the pudding is this—that conductors, great or small, are often a distracting rather than a guiding influence. The musicians said afterwards that it was quite simple to play without a conductor, they simply paid more strict attention to the score.

All this reminds me of the classic reply to a conductor, who must be nameless, when he scolded an oboe player.

"If you speak to me like that again,"

said the exasperated musician, with malice in his voice, "I'll follow your beat."

* * *

I AM growing to hate the letter H.

When I was a boy H stood for horse, and the pleasures of riding, jumping, racing—and ploughing, too—sprang at once to my mind.

But H doesn't stand for horse any more.

It stands for the H line, a fashion for women designed by the Devil himself. Whoever thought of a woman in the design of two straight lines, vertical, intersected by one straight line, horizontal? "Darling," you say, "I love you. If the square of your hypotenuse is equal to the two other angles in your adorable triangle, will you marry me?"

The only places for the H line are Twickenham, Murrayfield and Swansea, where they may serve properly as goal posts.

And H stands for that great bore the H bomb.

H either wants to flatten the bust or flatten the world.

Let's move on to another letter.

* * *

TWO women overheard talking. Said one to the other: "Do you think it's the right weather for mink yet, dear?"



THE SNOW BALL was the subject of a sherry party given by Mrs. Tom Payne, here with the chairman, the Countess of Listowel



Mr. John Holman discussing the ball, in aid of blind charities, with Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, at this Chelsea Square party



Mr. R. Grumbar, Miss Barbara Houson-Craufurd and the Hon. Mrs. Roger Frewen. The ball is at the Dorchester on Dec. 15



F. J. Goodman

MME. ROBERT KLEINERT is pictured here in her home at Pully, overlooking the Lake of Geneva. Her husband is a figure of authority in the medical world where his reputation stands very high. He belongs to an old Swiss family that traces its ancestry back to the fifteenth century

Priscilla in Paris

Even Critics Stray

THE Autumn Salon of painting and the Salon de l'Enfance are both housed in the Grand Palais.

This strangely reminds me of a childhood poem about a Mountain and a Squirrel. "The - Mountain - called - the - Squirrel - little - prig - Bun - replied - you - are - doubtless - very - big - . . ." I forget how it continued but the thrill of the last line delights me still. Triumphant Bun-Squirrel closes the argument: "If I cannot carry mountains on my back," he retorts, "neither can you crack a nut!"

Both Salons opened on the same day. An absent-minded art critic went astray and found himself in the midst of the 60,000 drawings sent

by children to the art section of the Salon de l'Enfance. He took copious notes before realizing his mistake. Then, blindly, he fled, dashed through the wrong door, tripped over the matting and shot down the children's toboggan, wrong side up. He was rescued, dusted and set on his way. ("Mais oui, Maître, par ici, s'il vous plaît. . .")

NEXT day his brilliant article dealt powerfully with Denoyers, Pressmane, Francis Smith, Warquier and Zendel. He was tender with Christiane Warnod and her charming seascape; had pleasant words for Irène Codréano's somewhat lumpy "Léone" (statue); noticed Michel Georges—Michél's portrait of a scowling Picasso; was kindly to the younger exhibitors such as Bélias, Rodde, Brunet,

Guernier; admired Carzon's sad but exquisite "Ruins" and enthused over Yves Brayer's cold, luminous and utterly lovely winter landscape of les Baux.

His pronouncements are always a joy to read for he is a fine writer and, really, an erudite connoisseur. His small misadventure endears him to us for it is comforting to know that even the infallible cannot always "crack a nut"!

It was at the Salon de l'Automne of 1906 that Henri Matisse, the grand old painter who died this week at Nice, aged eighty-four, first exhibited his work. This was his "Woman with a Hat"; and an indignant diarch of the painting world had to be prevented, forcibly, from lacerating it. The same canvas is valued actually at 20,000 dollars. Matisse's last work was the building and decoration of a little church at Vence, the chapelle de Notre-Dame du Rosaire. Begun in 1949 it was finished in June 1951 and was consecrated by the Bishop of Nice.

WHILE the faubourg Montmartre is not a thoroughfare that one usually chooses for a pleasant afternoon saunter, this experience came my way as a result, strangely enough, of the new bus routes created by the growing number of one-way streets.

Owner-drivers like myself no longer care to take our cars into the traffic maelstrom of central Paris. Nevertheless we prefer the excitement of surface transport by bus to the humdrum expediency of the Métro, and thus get quite a few surprises.

Thrown off bus 39 at an unexpected point on my way to Paul Derval's literary *coquetè* party at the Folies Bergère, the faubourg Montmartre was the unavoidable short cut to the rue Richer. It was nearly seven, the hour when the little ladies of the quarter, string bag and all, go out to market for their first meal of the day. They have not far to go. On a stretch of 250 yards, apart from four plate-glass windows displaying lingerie, "Souvenirs" (Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe and Can-Can dancers), perfumery and pharmacy I saw nothing but food and drink shops.

FISHMONGERS with oyster stalls spilling over the pavement where wine was served "by the glass"; confectioners selling hot dogs—and hot "groggs"—as well as cakes; bakers dispensing cakes (and ale) as well as bread; cafés where one could enjoy every sort of liquid that goes into glass or cup, jug or bottle; candy stalls with boiled sweets in colourful mass formation and chocolate cases filled with potent liqueurs; pork-and-ham shops offering lucious *saucisson* and ready-roasted fowls . . . and there also lurked cobweb-shrouded bottles!

A Gargantuan and Pantagruelic display with, just round the corner, on the Grands Boulevards: a Milk Bar as a sop for Monsieur le Ministre. . . .

For the glass of milk that Premier Mendès-France drank in the middle of a speech at the Assemblée Nationale seems to have cast the shadow of a coming event. An offensive is to be made against alcoholism.

There are more *marchands de vin* in France than fleas on a monkey and these wine-shops—"wine" being the label that covers every kind of drink—are the only caterers that are not obliged, by law, to close on one day out of every seven. Setting this to rights will be another little Augean job for Monsieur le Ministre.

Magnum c'est veritas . . .

● M. Paul Derval is publishing his outspoken and entertaining "Souvenirs" of the Folies Bergère. Sub-title: "The Naked Truth."

DAUGHTER OF AN ADMIRAL

MISS IONA TOTTENHAM, daughter of Admiral Sir Francis Tottenham, K.C.B., C.B.E., and Lady Tottenham, of Westhill, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, was presented last year. Her parents gave a coming-out dance for her at their London home at Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, last July. Admiral Sir Francis Tottenham's last appointment before his retirement was Commander-in-Chief of the Africa Station



Pearl Freeman

BRIDGE AND CANASTA FOR THE LIFEBOATS

A HIGHLY successful Bridge and Canasta party was held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Nearly 500 people competed for excellent prizes in aid of this deserving cause. The party is described by Jennifer on page 473



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Page amused by some Naval Ducks that were crewing a strange craft



Left: Miss Carol Webb-Carter was answering an inquiry by Mrs. E. Christie-Miller



Right: H.E. the Cuban Ambassador, Senor Mendoza (centre), and Mme. Mendoza were having a word with Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt.

DINING IN

The Ocean Tang Of Scampi

ONE of the most exciting meal starters is scampi and, perhaps, the best of all ways of cooking them is to coat them with the thinnest possible covering of seasoned flour, then deep-fat fry them in olive oil or vegetable fat.

If you like, you can first dip them in egg and breadcrumbs or a fritter batter, but, in such coatings, the really fresh flavour of the scampi is somewhat lost.

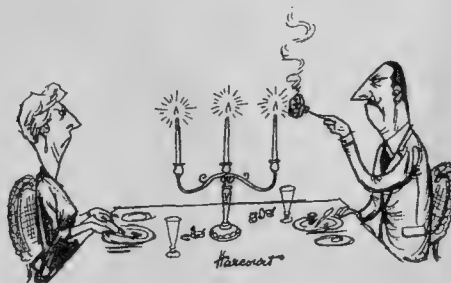
We can now buy quick-frozen uncooked scampi, far and away better, with their deep sea tang, than the cooked ones we can buy and serve *au naturel*.

Cover them with milk and leave them to defrost. In a paper bag, place two to three

tablespoons of flour, seasoned with salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Drop the drained scampi into it, shake them about and leave them for a few minutes. Shake off excess flour, then drop, without over-crowding, into the hot fat, a good test of which is this:

Put a thin slice of raw potato in it. If it rises in about a quarter-of-a-minute, the fat is ready for the scampi. In three to five minutes, they should be pale gold and ready for the table, after a minute's draining on absorbent paper.

SAUCE RÉMOULADE, or, as we generally call it now, Sauce Tartare, is as perfect with scampi as it is with fried or grilled sole. Make it well beforehand from the base of a real mayonnaise, made this way:



Drop an egg yolk into a small basin. Measure a generous $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint of olive oil into a bottle, with a cork so nicked as to allow the oil to drip from it. The secret is to add the oil to the egg yolk, drop by drop, stirring constantly and rapidly, until almost half has been incorporated. By this time the mixture will have thickened. Add a few drops of lemon-juice or tarragon vinegar to thin it down, then continue with the oil, drop by drop, seeing that none of it lurks round the edges of the bowl.

When the mixture again thickens, thin down as before, then continue to add oil, drop by drop, still stirring rapidly. When half has been used, add the remainder in a thin, steady stream, again stirring constantly. Finally, add salt to taste and a few grains of Cayenne pepper.

FOR Sauce Tartare, adequate for four to five portions of scampi, add to this quantity of mayonnaise a teaspoon each of chopped parsley, tarragon, chervil, capers and gherkins. When tarragon and chervil are unobtainable, I add chopped olives. Escoffier gives also a drop of anchovy essence and $\frac{1}{2}$ -teaspoon made mustard, but you may not want these with scampi. Just please yourselves.

—Helen Burko

DINING OUT

Tuck-Box of a Dream

ONE of the most extraordinary sights, and certainly the most amusing, seen in the City of London for some time must have been the party given by Pimm's at one of their City establishments, The Red House, in Bishopsgate, a few days ago.

To see somewhere about 400 eminent business gentlemen wearing little school-caps and bright yellow ties was quite remarkable and speaks a great deal for the discipline exercised by the "Headmaster," Mr. Jack Finney, a director of Pimm's, who appeared in mortarboard and gown in a large assembly room bereft of chairs. When he smacked his cane on the floor and said: "Sit down, boys," this vast throng,

consisting largely of the leading wine merchants from all over England, proceeded to squat on the floor, where, after being harangued by the Head, they sang a rollicking publicity song.

This part of the proceedings being over, they were marched off to the refectories, a Fish Room and a Meat Room, and seldom, even at the feasts of that great gourmand Henry VIII, could there have been such an astonishing display of food for public consumption.

IN the Fish Room there were oysters by the barrel, prawns by the sack, gigantic turbot beautifully glazed and decorated with grapes, smoked trout, smoked eels, and salmon, smoked and otherwise.



In the Meat Room it was impossible not to stand transfixed at the sight of a 194-lb. baron of beef (the first baron of beef to appear in the City of London since the war), at the saddles of lamb, York hams (some of them baked in pastry), trays piled high with grouse, partridges, pheasants, ducks, pigeons and chickens.

With all this, waiters scurried about carrying trays loaded with glasses of fine wines; in fact, there was every conceivable drink available.

It is interesting to note that when Pimm's own people mix a No. 1 they do not turn it into a fruit salad, the only additions being a slice of lemon and a small sprig of borage.

As we are down in the City we might as well remain there and look in at Mecca Cafe's latest enterprise, their LUCULLUS RESTAURANT in Mincing Lane.

Suggested lunch for four, guaranteed to bring any business deal to a cordial conclusion: 4 dozen oysters, *Caneton à l'Anglaise*, *Soufflé Grand Success*, two bottles of No. 133, which is a Dry Pouilly Reserve, coffee. This will cost the founder of the feast somewhere around £12, which, considering the ingredients, is reasonable enough.

—I. Bickerstaff



Mrs. Charles Doughty, Mrs. William Priestley and Lady Robertson supported the cause



Miss Elizabeth Simmonds, Miss Ann Johnstone, Miss Sandra Des Voeux, Miss Bridget Greenhough and Miss Elizabeth K. Dickson



Left: Lady Dovercourt looking at a figurine which was on sale at the Christmas gift stall



Right: Mr. Kanatoff, Mrs. P. Blaxter, Lady Thomas and Gen. Sir Ivor Thomas gathered round Miss Caroline Judd, who was busily selling them raffle tickets

At the Theatre

Wits Of The Riverside

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

NOTHING so ill becomes the new little revue at the Watergate Theatre as its world-weary opening gambit. Mr. Barry Sinclair surveys mankind from China to Peru. He ticks off on his fingers all the topics which everybody prays to Heaven he will never hear mentioned again. His list is as long as Ko-Ko's numbering of the persons who never would be missed and obviously as capable of indefinite extension. Despairingly, Mr. Sinclair concludes that he and the half-a-dozen players who are to entertain us for the next two hours have undertaken an impossible job.

This opening, I respectfully submit, is to be deplored on two grounds. It has been used too often before, and it was deplorable even when it was used for the first time. The little revue is the theatrical equivalent of a sophisticated supper-party where the trifles discussed depend not on their importance but on the style with which they are treated and the deftness with which their diminutive tails are twisted. The host is taking a horrible risk if he begins such a party by declaring in solemn jest that all subjects have become to him equally boring: unless he happens to have a mighty fine paradox up his sleeve he has a good chance of killing the occasion stone dead.

CRITICS are always complaining that current revues are apt to deal with much the same current topics. No doubt they do; and so do most fashionable supper-parties. They are still very enjoyable. This is one of the few matters in which I think critics should not be taken too seriously. They have never much liked revue, possibly because this kind of theatre is more difficult to write about than almost any other. They may know, as one of them rashly admitted, that revue springs as much out of the temper of modern minds as Greek drama from Greek thought, or the morality play from the desire of the Middle Ages to be spiritually admonished. However, the realisation of this solemn half-truth makes it no easier for the critic to convey what has pleased him in the quick, glancing wit of a good revue. The witty



The Big Three—Pamela Charles, Beryl Reid and Pamela Foster—in a lyric by Michael Nyman with music by Ronnie Hill

things come and go, and together they make up a diverting evening, but, unfortunately, there are no general ideas on which they can be conveniently stretched out for leisurely appreciation afterwards. If there is a unity it proceeds from disunity. And, himself gravelled for matter, the critic is often base enough to rest on the specious assertion that few of the trifles that have diverted him can honestly be called original.

THE WATERGATE deservedly has a name for its little revues; and it should know better by this time than to take seriously an inevitable criticism and anticipate it by the desperate remedy of declaring that it can find nothing to say that has never been said before. It has, in fact, Miss Beryl Reid, who has the trick of making all things new. It is, as she uses it, a particularly elusive trick. She seems, at first view, no more than unmistakably cheerful and energetic. One notices that

she has all the best things, and then looking closer realises that this is simply because she makes them seem so. She is likely to bob up as a subordinate in a sketch and unexpectedly transform it into one of the good things.

SHE is at her very best as the hearty titled lady brought in to enliven the television weather forecast and bravely resolved to put a maddeningly cheerful face on the worst of the meteorologists' mistakes. She is very nearly as good as the spirit of Edinburgh, stern and wild, letting itself go after the cultural repression of the annual festival. And as an old lady who keeps the good will of her heirs by pure false pretences.

Mr. Sinclair's light and practised manner is put to little use except in the piece about the flying man who regularly breaks through the sound barrier and cannot abide bangs. The rest of the players pleasingly do what is required of them.



"All Work and No Play"—a number by Michael Douglas, was played by Barry Sinclair, Beryl Reid and Bill Pertwee, all looking rather lethal



Angus McBean

KITTEN ON THE KEYS

AN EVENING WITH BEA LILLIE is indeed an occasion, for her last appearance in London—in cabaret—was as long ago as 1951. Her admirers here welcome her return with Leslie Bricusse, as compère, Constance Carpenter, John Philip and Frances Clare. In the second half of the show she appears alone in songs and monologues with an even finer edge on the artistry that has endeared her to the sophisticated West End theatregoer

London Limelight

Specialists

At Work

PAMELA FRANKAU, now the senior name in this literary family, has dramatised part of her novel *A Wreath for the Enemy*. It is to be called *The Duchess and the Smugs* and those who read this remarkable book will be fascinated to discover how the transition from page to stage can be made. The book certainly had drama, but to make it dramatic will be a considerable feat.

However, Miss Frankau made a redoubtable Junior Commander in her wartime career, and those who encountered her then will have no misgivings. Besides, her Duchessa di Terracini is to be played by Martita Hunt, greatest of living experts in aristocratic eccentrics, and Hugh Wakefield,

an equivalent specialist in elderly Servicemen, will take the part of a retired Colonel. Donald Albery, who has green fingers in the theatre, is presenting the play with Walter Starke, and the producer is none other than the eminent John Van Druten.

This production will follow *I am a Camera* into the New Theatre on January 5th, when La Tutin is due to transform herself from a straying waif into yet another Saint Joan, this time M. Anouilh's version as translated by Christopher Fry. I find it hard to keep up with the Joans.

The Dark is Light Enough, Mr. Fry's present offering, ends its run at the Aldwych next Saturday, and the dramatist is reported

to be considering abandoning verse for his next work in favour of prose. He has so lively and so essentially poetic a wit that I hope he will have second thoughts on this. But a formula for success would appear to lie in the tackling of (say) The Hero and Leander legend, introducing a couple of extraneous complexes, setting the story in a public swimming bath in Goole, circa 1911, and calling it *The Cockteau Party*.

NEXT Monday the most distinguished production of the year, Max Faber's new translation of *Hedda Gabler*, transfers from Hammersmith to the Westminster. The ominous words "for a limited season" accompany this announcement. But any theatregoer who values either his reputation or his private store of jewelled memories will visit or revisit Peter Ashmore's production, in which Peggy Ashcroft defies all critics in the matter of finding new superlatives.

This is one of those rare historic achievements ranking with Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet*, Gielgud's *Richard II.* and Edith Evans's *Millamant*—such stuff as those who come after us can only savour with envy in others' memories.



Hugh Wakefield, Pamela Frankau and Martita Hunt in *The Duchess and the Smugs*

—Youngman Carter



KATHLEEN HUGHES, daughter of a London mother who married and settled down in Hollywood, is one of Universal-International's most glamorous and talented young stars. She enjoys playing "wicked" parts, her latest being that of a dance hall entertainer in *Dawn at Socorro*

The affections of Michel Ray are the point at issue between Cornell Borchers and Yvonne Mitchell in *The Divided Heart*

At the Pictures

Great Work

UNTIL I saw *The Divided Heart* I had not realised that baby-snatching could be added to the list of Nazi war-crimes. I did not know of the inhuman plan whereby the Hitlerites hoped to ensure the future of their kind—and it is strange to think that while they were massacring millions of people born in *der Vaterland* they were, at the same time, importing male infants, stolen from the conquered countries, to be reared in Germany as Germans.

If you see this intensely moving film from Ealing Studios, you will have no doubt that this was so; it tells, in fact, a true story—of a Yugoslav widow who sought, before the United States Court of the Allied High Commission in Germany, to regain possession of the son taken from her ten years earlier (when she was sent to Auschwitz) and subsequently legally adopted by a German couple in the belief that he was German.

DEFY anybody to sit through this film dry-eyed. The adoptive parents—beautifully played by the Bergman-like Fraulein Cornell Borchers and Herr Armin Dahlen—are so obviously devoted to the little boy they regard as their own. The child (Master Michel Ray) is so pitifully perplexed at being confronted with a "new" mother who cannot even speak the only language he knows. And the widow, as Miss Yvonne Mitchell portrays her, is so poignantly tragic a figure—with those great dark eyes which most eloquently express the hunger of the heart.

The case for and against uprooting the child and returning him to his native Yugoslavia is presented with scrupulous fairness and the arguments put forward are so adroit that I was glad the decision did not rest with me.

If you wish to know to whom the Judges eventually granted custody of the child, you must see the film yourself. I wouldn't dream of spoiling for you the suspense that the admirable Mr. Charles Crichton, directing, has skilfully built up and successfully sustained.

Spencer Tracy, looking rather like a barrel with white hair, plays, in *Broken Lance*, a rambunctious old cattle king of the 1880's. He treats three of his sons

Television

THE FINEST HOUR RE-LIVED



OBVIOUSLY everybody rising twenty-one, everybody, namely, who was over twelve on VE-Day, will be making a fixture to watch Philip Dorté's *War in the Air*. Showing this historic documentary film in fifteen weekly instalments is TV's unique kind of national service.

Anybody who missed the superb opening instalment can catch the second ("The Battle for Britain") on Saturday evening, thanks to the helpful decision to give Saturday repeats. On Monday the third instalment, "Fifty North," takes the story of our finest hour up to the turn of "The Atlantic Battle" in 1942.

A less glorious series closes on Saturday. Larry Adler is just the man who might infuse a breath of life or flavour into "Spice of Life." Hitherto only Sir Alan Herbert has done so and only in spasms. A programme which could make even Dorothy

Dickson dull seemed indeed unworthy of its French origins.

Better-ried French inspiration provides a cheerful-sounding serial, although I do not detect the common factor which makes both *The Three Musketeers* (opening to-day) and *Billy Bunter* suitable for children and grown-ups, too. Laurence Payne has well earned a romp as D'Artagnan, and the cast is graced with two very beautiful young actresses: Claire Austen and, as Milady, Adrienne Corri—though the latter's wonderful red hair will be lost in the murky grey of most TV pictures.

ANOTHER beautiful actress, Diana Wynyard, is one of the considerable attractions of Sunday's play, *Inquest on a Hero*. Other members of the short cast are Trevor Howard and young Andrew Ray, while Harold Clayton's productions are consistently worth watching. It is preceded by *Black on White*, another TV film on art; this time cartoon, with Alistair Cooke speaking and Low himself contributing.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Spencer Tracy takes on an unfamiliar role in *Broken Lance*, with Robert Wagner, Jean Peters and Richard Widmark to help

Elsbeth Grant*

From Ealing

worse'n hound-dawgs and seems unreasonably surprised when, one fine day, they turn and bite the hand that (reluctantly, one gathers) fed them.

One is invited to admire the turbulent, tenacious old rascal—but is there really anything admirable about a character who is perpetually shooting up the neighbours and hanging complete strangers without even asking their names?

MR. TRACY gets no more than he should have expected—especially as his eldest son is Mr. Richard Widmark, who first grinned his way into my consciousness in *Kiss of Death*—and is still just that to me.

Senorita Katy Jurado, as Mr. Tracy's ever-loving Indian wife, has a blessed tranquillity about her; Mr. Robert Wagner is not without charm as her son, who plays a male Cordelia to the wild-western Lear, and Miss Jean Peters is pert and pretty as the young person who provides the (I suppose inevitable) love-interest. Mr. Tracy, though he has put on far too much weight, has lost none of his cunning as an actor—and the scenery, in CinemaScope with Colour by De Luxe, is fine, just fine.

MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD, whose roguey-poguey prankishness (as in *Mad About Men*) was becoming a little tiresome, has, I am happy to say, put off her antic disposition and gives a perfectly delightful straight performance in *Aunt Clara*. Or perhaps it only seems straight by comparison with that of Mr. Ronald Shiner who, as her manservant, mugs like mad. Anyway, I found Miss Rutherford thoroughly endearing as Aunt Clara—a gentle old lady whose reprobate uncle (Mr. A. E. Matthews) leaves her in his will his "natural daughter," six racing greyhounds, a fairground swindle-game, a pub and five ex-ladies-of-the-town.

She tackles her responsibilities with the innocent confidence of the myopic Mr. Magoo in the Basustov cartoons and, like him, muddles blithely through.

Directed by Commander Anthony Kimmins, this is a modest little comedy which makes up in warm-heartedness what it lacks in sophistication.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke



MARCIA HENDERSON, who co-stars with Sterling Hayden and Gloria Grahame in *Naked Alibi*, a murder thriller, was an accomplished stage and television actress before she entered films. She comes from Andover, Massachusetts, and among other accomplishments is a ju-jitsu expert

Gramophone Notes

"MOULU"—LE SYMPATHIQUE



THOSE who saw the film *Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins* will remember the criminal lead. He was Mouloudji, and the film his twentieth.

Born in Belleville, spending his early years in utter poverty, the road to success has not been an easy one for Mouloudji.

Just over a year ago he was awarded the Grand Prix Du Disque, fifteen years after he launched out on an artistic career. Painter, author, actor, singer "Moulou" made his debut as a vocalist on roller skates, playing the guitar with the "October Group."

A friend of Jean-Paul Sartre, Marcel Duhamel, Prevert, Roger Blin, and Yves Denaud, his whole approach to his eventual success as a singer is that of the complete realist, and this will best be appreciated by listening to his sensitive and entirely expressive interpretation of "Comme un P'tit Coquelicot."

Here Mouloudji establishes himself as someone who is not just another singer of songs. Every phrase, every thought, every sentiment expressed comes to you on the record with sincerity and intelligence from a man who has a heart and uses it.

HOW worth while those fifteen years of struggle have been—here is no ephemeral teenager phenomenon but an artist whose contributions to contemporary entertainment in and outside the home will endure the passage of time. And as though his superb "Coquelicot" is not enough he brings off a "double" by the way he presents "Si tu t'imagines," a song with a lyric which ought to be a permanent pattern to any who write, or try to write, sentimental songs.

It is possible that Mouloudji may mean little outside France at this moment; be that as it may, I am convinced by his records alone that he will shortly have that enormous international public he deserves. (Philips P.B. 347.)

—Robert Tredinnick



DERBYSHIRE DANCED AT OSMASTON MANOR

OFFICERS of the Derbyshire Yeomanry had every reason to be pleased with the success of their first post-war ball, given at Osmaston Manor, near Ashbourne, beautiful home of their Honorary Colonel. Leading Derbyshire residents, and many members of the 12th Lancers—the Yeomanry's "sister regiment"—were among the 250 guests. On the right are seen the C.O., Lt.-Col. F. A. Clarke, D.S.O., Lady Walker and Sir Ian Walker, Bt., Honorary Colonel and principal host

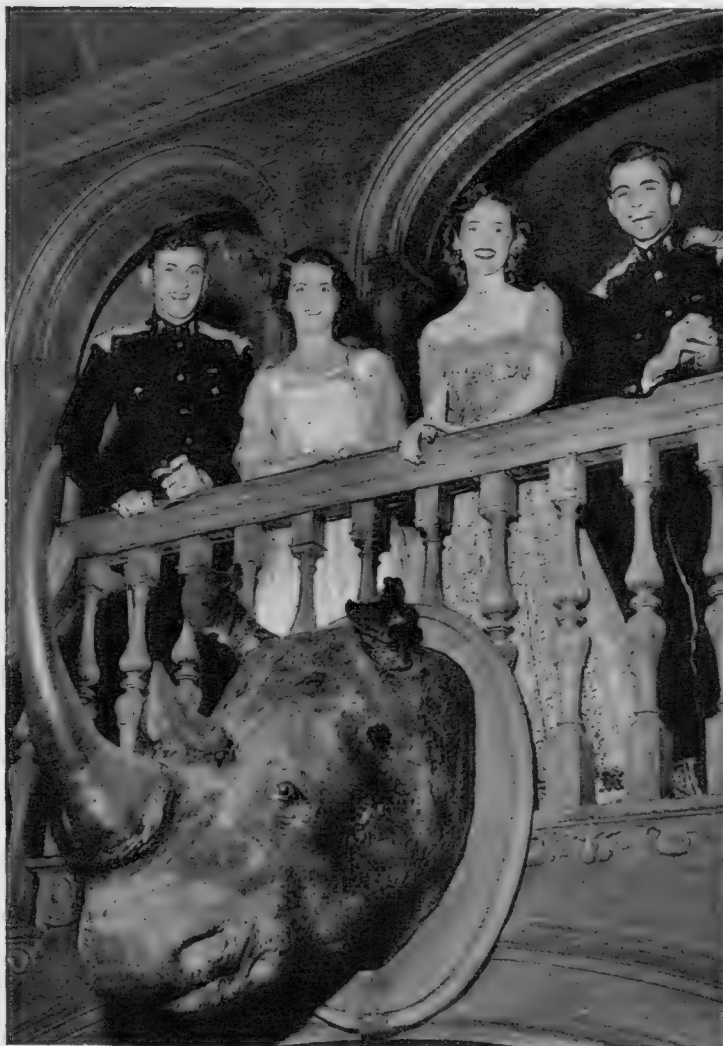
Below: Lt.-Col. C. R. Spencer, C.O. of the 12th Lancers, Mrs. Denison and Col. W. M. E. Denison





Viscount Scarsdale and Miss Derris Kemble chatting together between dances. The ball was preceded by a dinner.

Below: Mr. John Wood, Mr. David Rodney, Miss Cleone Cory-Wright and Miss Stella Wood were other guests



Mr. J. Nash, 12th Lancers, Miss Bettine Davie, Miss J. Constable-Maxwell and Mr. R. Thompson, 12th Lancers



Below: Mrs. R. H. D. Riggall and Mr. Arthur Dalgety, M.F.H. of the Meynell, were pausing for a moment by the glowing log-fire in the ballroom



Desmond O'Neill

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



ADDICTS of the world's most degraded hat doubtless derived ignoble satisfaction from a recent Press-photograph of the statue of Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto, the Japanese Pearl King, on an island in Toba Bay. The late Mr. Mikimoto wears his customary kimono crowned by a bronze British bowler.

This is at least a change, you will admit, from the myriad bronze and marble top hats which make London a modern Athens; not to mention Pretoria, South Africa, where President Paul Kruger's tall bronze topper was very nearly hollowed at the top, at kindly Mrs. Kruger's suggestion (*teste* Reitz), to serve as a bird-bath. Apparently they forgot to have this done. It is nevertheless what highbrows call a seminal idea, fruitful and inspiring. In our ardent opinion every British politician deemed to rate a statue henceforth should be holding out a bronze bowler stiffly at arm's length, open to the rains, as if it had just been doffed in a gracious, sweeping curve to some good woman who had, perchance, spat in it *en passant*. Then all the little birdies of London could drink and bathe, apart from other forms of self-expression. Cheep, cheep! A pretty sight. Oh, Mumsie, look!

Footnote

SCULPTORS welcome this suggestion, we find, being utterly sick of modelling toppers. "It would bring back the days of Cellini," one of the boys declared to us last week, but he blushed at our quizzical glance. As somebody lately remarked, Benvenuto Cellini not only designed, modelled, cast, and burnished all his own statues (our modern boys mostly leave off exhausted at the clay) and did his own goldsmithery, jewellery, and enamelling, but was always ready after the day's work for a romp with the girls. Few modern sculptors have the skill, the energy, or the charm for any of these pursuits. Especially enamelling.

Chore

A CURIOUS illusion about the night-life of Regency London led a saucy Sunday paper minx to assume that the modern

substitute is about as "gay" by comparison as the annual outing of the Vergers' Union. The chit of course erred, and damnably. We refer her to Pierce Egan's once-popular *Life in London* (1821), a highly improving and ghastly work.

Over the nightly frolic-routine of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and Bob Logic the Oxonian broods an *ennui* so terrible that one's heart bleeds for those roaring boys as they brace themselves with glassy eyes and aching heads for yet another night on the tiles, West or East. Not one of them has the courage to suggest beddybys at 10 p.m. for a delicious change. Each of them must be longing for it, but no. They must prance out and get totally stunko and dance and sing and shout and fight and beat up the watch as usual (it is interesting to reflect that one of Bob Logic's Oxford contemporaries was Newman). Ruthless Slogger Egan never gives his poor devils a night off. He drives them, in fact, like slaves. Only seven years earlier the Marquis de Sade had died in the loony-bin at Charenton. You could still buy his more popular works in Piccadilly. It may be that sadism was in the Regency air.

Hence one is inclined to slap such thoughtless minxes as the above on the wrist very gently with a spray of orchids for misleading the Regency's posterity, who enjoy more rational and lasting pleasure owing to superior virtue, higher prices, and far, far more efficient cops. (End address.)

Brawl

ALTHOUGH the spectacle of a couple of lawyers trying to murder each other probably throws the citizenry at large into a tall state of apathy, we gather from legal circles that the postponement (at the time of writing) of that pistol-duel between two eminent and furious members of the Paris Bar is, on the whole, a good sign. This is not, a prim Middle Temple boy was telling us, an example of settling differences which the legal racket wishes to encourage. Hm. Chrm.

And of course the memsahibs are liable to start something, he agreed with us glumly. If a girl barrister in this country hits a male colleague he generally hits her back, and after

a short fight the matter drops, but the solemn ritual of the French duel will become tediously complicated if the Bar mems assert their equal rights. Does one, for example, formally kiss a dainty hand before *and* (if alive) after the proceedings? And if, while taking first pressure on the trigger, one sees a shy appeal on a charming, piquant face—

*Ainsy fresche ainsy nouvelle,
Suis-je, suis-je, suis-je belle?*

—does one pause a moment for a compliment, not to say an epigram? Just a thought.

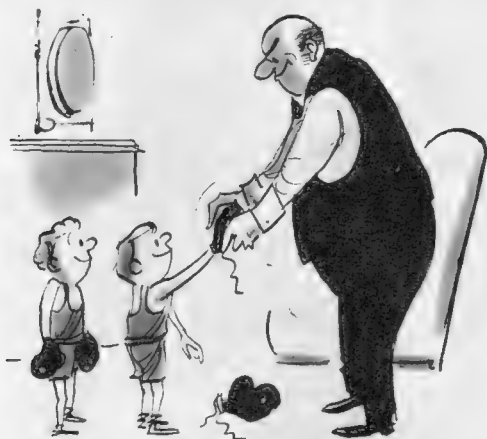
Coup

ONE of the oldest, sweetest, and surest international confidence-rackets in the world is still detaching wealthy Americans—ten this year, so far—from their dough, it appears from a warning just broadcast by the U.S. Postmaster-General. It's the one beginning with a smuggled letter from some poor devil of a political prisoner in Mexico who has a big treasure-cache somewhere in that country and a beautiful daughter ready and willing to co-operate.

We've seen one of these letters; a very dignified and touching one in good English, explaining that the whole business (33½ per cent. to the unknown benefactor) is chiefly for the benefit of "my dear daughter," whose beauty is her only dowry. Out of 100 recipients the hard boys can always count on at least ten moneyed suckers, a police chap assured us. Involved in a preliminary whirl of bogus documents and one or two small financial advances, the sucker meets the fair Manola and is usually persuaded to part with a nice round sum. If he actually makes the trip to Mexico a whole cast of characters in disguise is ready for him, like a Victorian farce. Complaints from suckers (added this chap) are so rare, for obvious reasons, as to be negligible.

You say this racket wouldn't deceive a baby, and how right you are. Chaps who fall for it are the keen, shrewd, hardfaced, masterful business-types accustomed to weighing chances, sizing up men at a glance, and making "snap" decisions involving many thousands of pounds. And of course the fair Manola . . . Excuse this titter.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Hounds just starting to move off in perfect formation. Behind is the Old Rectory, home of G/Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Pearson Rogers

"TO HORSE AND AWAY" AFTER THE HUNT BALL

AFTER dancing until the early hours at the Hunt Ball, a large number of followers of the Suffolk attended the opening meet at the Old Rectory, Tostock, which took place in brilliant sunshine, and was followed by a day's excellent sport



Left: The Joint-Masters, Major E. E. Pearson and Mrs. Pearson (left), discussing the day's prospects in company with Mrs. J. H. Weller-Poley

Right: At the front door awaiting the arrival of hounds were Miss Cecily Pearson (left) and Mrs. R. Creasy talking to Mr. John Gosling



TRIBUTE TO SIR GORDON BY HIS OLD COLLEAGUES

SIR GORDON RICHARDS, who retired from racing at the end of last season to devote himself to training, was the guest of honour at a dinner given at the Savoy Hotel by his former colleagues, which was attended by leading figures of the Turf



Douglas Smith, the new champion jockey, W. Nevett and Sir Gordon Richards holding the silver tray presented to him



Left: Also present at the dinner were Major-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden and the jockey F. Durr, who were here chatting over aperitifs



Right: E. Smith and the Earl of Rosebery were having a detailed discussion on the season's classic form

At The Races

MAGIC OF KIRBY GATE



WHEN some of us were a bit younger than we are to-day, there were two words which had a lot of magic in them in the first week of November. One was "Kirby" and the other was "Gate." For those who may be unfamiliar with that particular region, they meant, and still mean, the opening day of the Quorn's regular season. This famous tryst quite near to Melton, the metropolis of the fox-hunting world, is almost a household word. Melton is still on the map, and so are the Quorn hounds, though both have shed quite a bit of the Pomp and Circumstance of their pristine days.

In former times many people never went to Kirby Gate at all, but made a beeline for Little Dalby, which is just at the foot of Gartree Hill, which has been the first draw from time immemorial. It was a good idea, since you escaped the flocks of "Mo'cars" and "Shar-

bangs," and also being bailed up by "Smiler," the fox-hunting Grock whom, nevertheless, I personally was always pleased to see with his funny little hat and his pair of cuffs round his ankles, for he never failed to let off a merry quip or two, and manifestly enjoyed himself even though he did not know a fox-hound from a ferret.

The rather long jog from Kirby Gate to Gartree Hill was always a bit tiresome, even if it did serve to take the edge off any horse who was ready for a display of vulgarity.

WHEN you got to that gateway at the foot of Gartree Hill, which is on your left, and were a bit bunched up in the crowd, it was, and still is, a good idea to get down into the ditch on the right of the road and worm your way to a front place in the gateway; that is, of course, if it was one of your "going" days and you were brimful of bravery! I think it was Mrs. John Vaughan, bless her, who first put me up to this trick for catching an

early train. There always seemed to be a fox in Gartree Hill and he nearly always went straight away for Burrough Hill, where sometimes the earths were unstopped, or he thought they were. He had to look a bit sloppy anyway, because the distance was too short for anyone, hound, horse or man, to get blown, and the obstacles in between were very accommodating; in fact, it is all nice country round about there, but this could be said for almost the whole of Leicestershire.

Don't, Mr. Budding Tom Sawyer, forget that Gartree Hill ditch, only don't tell all your friends, or they also will want to catch that early train. Even writing about these things now that one is not quite sound brings on an attack of nostalgia!

IT was quite patent to everybody what happened where Landau was concerned at Laurel Park. Obviously he had no greater liking for that course than he has for Newmarket, and I think it is a very good thing that the National Stud have decided to put him up for sale. Cracked heel, or equine eczema, the complaint which made it doubtful whether Landau would run, is not serious, but distinctly troublesome. Although some people dismiss it as nothing worse than chapped hands in a human being, it almost invariably causes a horse to go tender, if not actually lame.

—SABRETACHE



A PRINCESS RIDES TO THE MEET

Hunting was one of the recreations of Princess Alexandra's Irish holiday

DURING her holiday with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baronscourt, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland, H.R.H. Princess Alexandra had her first taste of the famous Irish banks when she turned out with the Strabane Harriers. She proved a fearless rider, and is seen here mounted on one of the Duchess's horses, Felix, a bay gelding, which she rode at the Bowling Green meet

"THE STORY OF MR. KORAH" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), from which the pictures on this page are taken, is a charming little fantasy by Christabel Aberconway (the Dowager Lady Aberconway), and is illustrated by the late Rex Whistler

Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

MRS. SIDDONS REVEAL'D

THE supreme art of the actor, or actress, conjures up in its day an intense reality. On us, the impact of a great stage performance is more powerful (through being more immediate) than that of literature or painting: even for the musical, it rivals music. But alas, great acting suffers the tax of time—once the player dies, who can re-evoke him or her?

While *we* live, it is true, there are living memories—by means of James Agate's pen, we beheld the Bernhardt. Yet, as one generation succeeds another, the "incomparables" must fade off into the dark, leaving only majestic names behind them. It is the triumph of Yvonne ffrech that with her MRS. SIDDONS: TRAGIC ACTRESS (Verschoyle; 21s.) she has dissolved from around a figure at least some of the mists of time.

INDEED, this book recaptures some of that quality which made Sarah Siddons an idol—nay, wellnigh goddess. This "star" (as she would now be called) illuminated first the fashionable Bath, then the London of the late eighteenth century; it was 1782 when she came to Drury Lane, 1802 when she gave her farewell performance. Garrick it was: who, in search of a leading lady—or rather, in search of the makings of one, for his three reigning actresses were termagants—tore Sarah from the loving, protesting Bath.

Miss ffrech, I think, has served Mrs. Siddons well; she has also done no small service to us.

For there *may* have existed an idea (for a time, I confess, I shared it) that, though great, Mrs. Siddons was slightly boring—that is, that one would perhaps find her boring these days.

FURTHERMORE, we of a later time may have inclined to think of her as a "heavy" actress—exploiting the clawing gesture, the heaving bosom, the writhing brow and the rolling eye. The Rowlandson caricature (page 80) may epitomise *our* notion of Mrs. Siddons. It is the Lawrence portrait (frontispiece here) which brings out the qualities Miss ffrech stresses—the subtlety, the brooding or visionary look, the air of being just a little withheld (against her will, perhaps) from "ordinary" life, and, above all, the *pathos*.

It was for "pathos" that she was most acclaimed—pathos, it should be said, in the eighteenth century, meant something more austere than it does to-day. Mrs. Siddons, for instance, felt sorry for Lady Macbeth: accordingly, she was to do all she could (or at least, as much as the management allowed her) to make Lady Macbeth into a "nice" woman who had unfortunately gone wrong. In spite of that—or was it because of that?—the Siddons Lady Macbeth was bloodcurdling, and remains (Miss ffrech is prepared to say) the unrivalled Lady Macbeth of all time.

SHAKESPEARE apart, Mrs. Siddons wasted herself on a series of lamentable and dreary dramas—whose unpromising titles Miss ffrech lists at the end. Those discouraged about the state of our modern theatre should study those Drury Lane playbills.

The original version of this book (which is, among other things, a full-packed work on theatre-history) appeared just before the war. During the blitz, the publisher's entire stock of it was destroyed. One is glad of the author's decision to re-publish. "A new edition," Miss ffrech says, "has given me the opportunity of making certain revisions, and also of taking advantage of a considerable amount of fresh material previously inaccessible and of the first importance to students of the period."



ALAN MOOREHEAD's versatility impresses one. Now, he has added a second novel to his existing books, with their already wide range. A SUMMER NIGHT (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.) is beautifully set in Italy, and has characters which, by their sheer convincingness, may be sure of a place in the reader's memory. It may be that Mr. Moorehead's close-up studies of so many persons in real life gives him an extra knowledge to bring to fiction—his is never the stereotyped view. Nor, indeed, is the Italy he depicts merely the surface paradise of the tourist. He sees, and makes us see, what lies beneath.

To two villas, niched on the steep hills over a Mediterranean village, have come, summer after summer, the same two families. Philip Sinclair, the now only too successful but somehow dissatisfied English painter, with his wife Prudence, and Howard Curtis, the San Francisco publisher, with his wife Celine, have formed a harmonious holiday quartette, delighting in one another's company, their children playing together on the beach.

WHAT is it that, *this* summer, disturbs the balance—sweeping two of the characters on a current of passion towards the brink of an abyss?

A breathless night, a table on a high-up terrace, the lights of the village twinkling below? But thus has the scene been often, often before. True, a disturbance runs through the whole community; trouble is brewing down in the village; Italy is herself in a convulsive phase. (The time of *A Summer Night* is only a few years after the war.) Political and emotional agitation are interknit in the working-out of the story.

This novel gains, as a novel, by being something more: it is contemporary in an important sense.

★ ★ ★

D. A. PONSONBY, so many of whose historical novels you have enjoyed, this time alters her mood and focus. With DOGS IN CLOVER (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.) she conducts us into the world of the canine "fancy," and the result makes for delicious comedy. High run the passions around the dog show!—and our story is to finish at Cruft's itself. Chow Chows are the *raison d'être* of Bamboo Cottage: Mrs. Valerius and her daughter Gloria lead, virtually, dedicated lives, upon which romance (in the person of Robin, who breeds setters) hesitates to intrude. But alas, a canine romantic indiscretion looks like wrecking Mrs. Valerius's plans.

Continued on page 514





Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., who opened the exhibition, was being shown a painting of a Norwegian scene by the artist, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, G.C.B.



Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, K.G., who was one of the first to go round the exhibition, was looking at a picture, "Cherry Orchard," executed by Capt. Hanbury-Tracy



Left: Mr. Edward Callam, M.S.I.A., in front of his Academy picture "Stocks Farm, Aldbury," with fellow-artist Miss E. Henty-Creer

ARTISTS OF THE SERVICES

THE Army Art Society fulfils a valuable function in giving artists of all three Services a chance to show their works in London, and their 23rd Exhibition reveals an extraordinarily high standard of work. It is being held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington

Right: Lady Harding, wife of the C.I.G.S., was much interested in a painting of Antwerp by S/Sgt. P. J. Golding

*The TATLER
and Bystander
NOVEMBER 24, 1954
495*



Mrs. Henry Fowler was here with a portrait, "Kit," painted by her son, Capt. Derek Fowler, who has several exhibits in this very good show



MATCH - MAKING OUTFIT

WOMEN who have misgivings about their own colour sense are pleased with the idea of co-ordinated outfits. If you like, you can choose in Wetheralls' showrooms a topcoat, dress, blouse, skirt and hat all in the same colour and design, or you can switch, mix or match them as you please. This firm has cloth woven and dyed in their own shades and patterns, and watch all these materials to see that basic colours are kept absolutely standard

—MARIEL DEANS



The hat, made of the same material as the blouse, costs 3ls. 6d. It is shown here with the jacket of the suit in its collar-less state.

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



This pretty sleeveless blouse, printed with a neat little pattern like a man's tie, is priced at 39s. 6d.




A VERY charming grey tweed suit with a rather long jacket and box-pleated skirt. This is a warm suit and a useful one as its pale neutral tones make it equally good for wearing in either town or country. The collar is detachable. Priced at 30 gns., it comes from Wetherall, as do the accessories on these two pages

ON A COLD AND FROSTY



BY the end of November (writes Mariel Deans) the need to keep out the cold takes precedence of all else, and a really cosy top coat that combines elegance with warmth is every woman's most cherished possession. Fur is everywhere this winter, both inside and outside our coats, and seldom have we seen such flatterers as the huge, face-framing fur collars shown at many of the important London coat collections

MORNING!



This straight-hanging stone-coloured tweed coat with its huge collar of pale lynx fur, like a giant powder puff, comes from Daly's of Glasgow. They also sell the little head-hugging beige mélusine hat with its clever one-sided movement

Woollands very thick brown and white tweed coat has a nipped-in waist emphasized by two large flapped pockets on the hips. Its immense shawl collar of shaded beaver can also be worn right up round the face. The dull green velour hat, trimmed with snuff-brown jersey, comes from Woollands model hat department

Bradleys' tight-waisted full-skirted coat of sepia brown wool with collar and skirt panels of leopard skin is a good example of the rather grand town coat that is as warm as it is smart. The helmet-shaped cloche hat of brown mélusine is from Debenham & Freebody's model hat department



. . . A NIP IN THE AIR

THE touch of fur that gives a coat that hundred dollar look can often be arranged by a clever woman for very few dollars indeed. Furs bought separately have the advantage of mobility—today's coat collar becomes a pair of cuffs or even a muff tomorrow. Here is a suit and a coat, both extremely reasonable in price, with suggestions for fur embellishments

—MARIEL DEANS



Above: Here are the glossy, mink-like skins of the marmotties shown thrust into the neckline of the suit on the right. It costs 7 gns.; the sapphire blue hat is 3 ls. 9d.



Right: A Dior copy from Bourne & Hollingsworth. This black and white pebble tweed suit with its long H line jacket and slim skirt costs 12 gns.



John Cole

Derry & Toms' classic overcoat in soft grey herring-bone tweed has big patch pockets and a wide, built up collar. It costs 13½ gns.



Right: Top of the overcoat shown above, this time worn with a stole collar of lynx, also from Derry & Toms, which costs 7½ gns.



These "Pia" Xmas candles make an attractively novel present for children, incidentally providing the fun of watching the day's date burn away on twenty-five consecutive days. Fortnum & Mason have these in stock at 3s. 6d. each

by Jean Cleland

This "Churchill Commemorative Scarf" designed by Miss Van Peborgh in honour of Sir Winston's eightieth birthday can be obtained in plain or multi-colours. Harrods, 39s. 6d., or according to size

"Happy Birthday, to You!"

WE show, together with the brand new "Churchill Scarf," some other gifts which should prove acceptable to those who—like the Prime Minister—are about to celebrate a birthday



An impression of the Prime Minister from *The Wit Of Winston Churchill* compiled by Geoffrey Willans and Charles Roetter. (Max Parrish, 8s. 6d.)





Left: One need no longer be a stoic and pretend a soaking is enjoyable. With this combined shooting stick and umbrella, sporting events will be unmarred by climatic vagaries. Marshall & Snelgrove, 7 gns.



Right: The new "Flying Saucer" pigskin-covered flask makes a good travelling companion and provides a ready excuse for a toast. Fortnum & Mason stock it at £7 18s. 6d.

Dennis Smith

Shopping List

A VEST POCKET DRY SHAVER

WITH my mind still running on birthday presents, I came across two gifts which seem to solve the problem of what to give to a man. Both are brand new on the market, and in addition to being useful have the added spice of originality.

The first is the "Rally" Dry Razor, which, precision made from the finest Swedish steel,



Movement of the razor over the face provides the "Rally's" power

is in principle exactly the same as an electric razor but needs no power, wires or plugs. When not in use, it folds up into a neat little case sufficiently small to slip into the waistcoat pocket. The makers claim that it gives an effective two-minute shave, which can be done anywhere at any time.

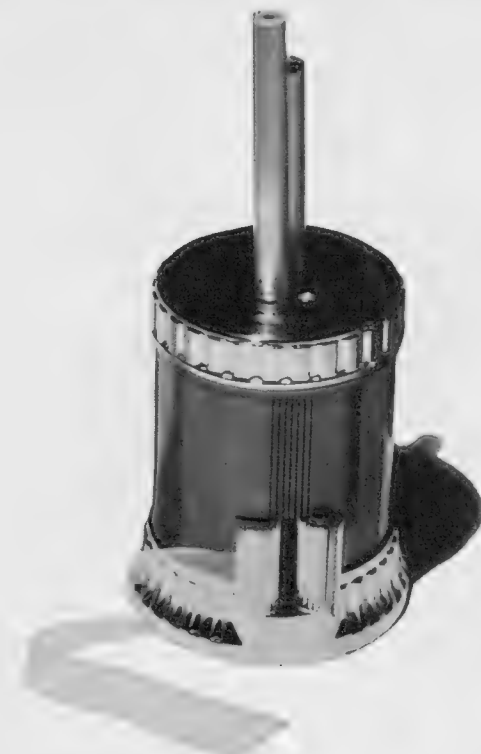
Designed for regular use, it is particularly convenient while travelling. The "Rally" costs 49s. 6d. complete in case, with five extra blades, and can be had from Harrods and most good chemists.

★ ★ ★

THE second gift is a handy little affair called the "Viking Deskmaster." This is a precision pencil sharpener which also has an adhesive tape server, with a special blade to cut the tape to the desired length. Supplied in four attractive colours with gilt plated top and bottom, it is sold complete with two pencils, and a roll of adhesive tape, and costs only 19s. 6d. It can be had from Fortnum & Mason.

★ ★ ★

AN appetizing first course for a birthday dinner would be scampi, which has long been one of my favourite dishes. I am delighted to find that it can now be bought, all nicely shelled, in packets, ready for use. All you have to do is to de-frost it by opening up the packets and leaving them in a warm kitchen for a little while before needed.



The "Viking Deskmaster" sharpens your pencils and also dispenses neatly cut adhesive tape

Separate the prawns, roll them in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat, as recommended by my colleague Helen Burke on p. 482. The result is a delicious and extremely quick dish. Packets of "Scampi" cost 5s. 6d. each, and one packet is enough for two people for the beginning of a meal. You can get it at Harrods.

Beauty

When the Heart is Young

Jean Cleland

THE truth that age is but an attitude of mind was borne in upon me very strongly when a week ago I asked an old lady who was about to become eighty-seven what she would like for her birthday. Did she ask for any of the things one would naturally associate with old age—a hot-water bottle, a shawl, a rug, a warm scarf or a cushion—she did not. She asked for a bottle of scent. Eau-de-Cologne or lavender water? Wrong again. An expensive and sophisticated scent no less, made by one of the very best French perfumiers. "I have used it for years," she said, "and I always like to put on a little when I go out in the evenings." No wonder she looks young, I thought to myself a few days later, when, at the celebration of her birthday, I watched her opening telegrams, arranging flowers and undoing gifts—among them a box of Elizabeth Arden's powder, which delighted her—with all the glee of a child. She is young in heart



THAT, of course, is the secret. Yet it is a secret that seems to elude many who regard age entirely in terms of advancing years. The approach of another birthday depresses them, as does the sight of a grey hair, a line here and a wrinkle there. "Getting old," they sigh, and start mournfully to haul down the flag.

One thing is certain, sighing gets you nowhere. In point of fact, as regards the looks, it only makes matters worse. Pulls the face down, furrows the brow and encourages the very wrinkles one is so anxious to avoid. A glance in the mirror will confirm this. Sigh and you find that your face looks old and dispirited. Smile and you lift it to gaiety and youth. Which, incidentally, reminds me of one of the old lady's recipes for a youthful appearance, "Keep the corners of your mouth up."

If then, as you grow older, you do not like

what you see in the mirror on a birthday morning, cheer up, and make it an occasion for a firm resolution; a resolution to *do* something about it. This acts like a brisk breeze that sends the flag up again, and sets it flying.

There are so many things that *can* be done. Let us consider them.

GREY hair. While you can do very little to change the grey hairs themselves once they have appeared, you can change your attitude towards them. Stop regarding them as hopelessly ageing and *believe* that they can be made vastly becoming. If there are only a few, don't try to disguise them. High-light them with a touch of silver—which will wash off if you do not like it—and *dramatize* them. If your hair is uniformly grey, spray it with brilliantine and brush it till it gleams and shines. Have it cut in a smart style, and try one of the soft tints that remove the "yellowy" look and give a fascinating brilliance.

If you want to be right up to the minute, have the tips touched with the new soft Sandré shade. This is tremendously becoming to some people and extremely youthful. Grey hair is flattered with a "fragile" looking make-up. Use delicate shades of rouge and lipstick—rose or cyclamen are both becoming—and for the evening give the eyelids a touch of violet or blue shadow. Dress in pastel shades and wear silver or grey, both of which make a very charming symphony. There is no end to the opportunities that grey hair offers for *playing up*.

WRINKLES. A great deal can be done to prevent them by keeping the skin thoroughly well nourished with a rich cream. The little lines that seem to appear almost overnight are sometimes merely the result of a skin that is extra dry, and has been allowed to become impoverished. This may be due, in some cases, to rigid dieting, with a too drastic cutting down of fats. The best way of correcting the trouble is to use one of the

vitamin creams that are now on the market. These give a renewed resilience to the skin, and help to supply it with the deficiencies it lacks. Massage the cream in night and morning, and wherever there are lines or wrinkles, use a rotary movement. On cold days, when the cream is stiff, warm it very slightly before using. Warm the hands, too, in front of the fire. This softens the cream and enables it to be worked in without stretching the skin.

FOR a quick way of smoothing out wrinkles before a birthday party, or some special occasion, I recommend a salon treatment with a special egg and oil mask, which really is extremely effective. Made by Elizabeth Arden, this was discontinued during the war, and has only lately come back into being. Designed for a speedy pick-me-up, it is really one of the best things I know when you want to put on a "new face" in a hurry, and if you can spare an odd hour to have it applied—it is not available for use at home—you will find it time and money well spent.



Three perfumes from Pierre Balmain, "Jolie Madame," "Elysées" and "Vent, Vent"

NEW TREATMENT 'LIFTS' SAGGING FACIAL CONTOURS

★ ★ By HELENA RUBINSTEIN ★ ★

SOONER or later it happens to every woman. A hint of bagginess under the eyes, a slight sagging about the jawline, a few crepey wrinkles appearing round the neck—and suddenly, the face in the mirror is no longer young. Until recently, there was little that could be done. Not now, however. Because, at last, with my new Contour-Lift Film, you can *visibly* 'lift' and firm sagging facial contours.

This amazing preparation is the only one of its kind that actually promises you a 24-hour 'beauty-lift'. You use it at night before retiring, and by day under make-up. From the start your skin glows with new freshness. Flabbiness becomes firm. Expression lines begin to fade.

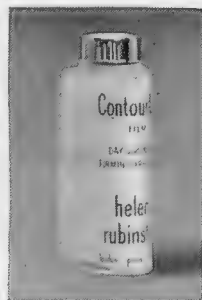


New Contour-Lift Film promises a 24-hour 'beauty lift'

IF sagging contours and wrinkled skin is your problem, here is the daily beauty routine you should follow. First *cleanse* with Pasteurized Face Cream Special (7/6). This is a rich penetrating cream that floats away all stale make-up and dirt and makes your skin softer. Now use Contour-Lift Film (30/-). Pat it on. Stroke it in. See how it firms relaxed skin tissue and moulds more youthful contours by night. Finally, *nourish* with Perfection Cream (8/3). Leave on overnight to allow the soothing oils and herbal extracts to feed parched skin areas while you sleep.

In the morning *cleanse* again and *tone* with Skin Toning Lotion (7/6). Gently this lotion refines and refreshes. Now, before making-up, apply Contour-Lift Film. Pouchiness and expression lines will disappear. Your skin will look softer and younger than it has for years.

★ ★ ★

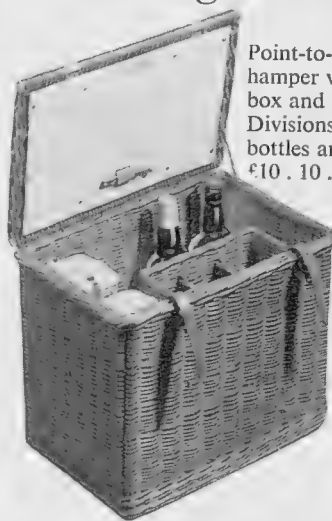


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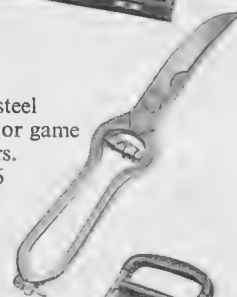
Asprey's new hand-made glass 'Good Mixer' Martini Jug. 3 Pint capacity £4. 10. 0
1 Pint capacity £3. 5. 0

Case of Meat and Game Carvers with sharpening steel. £8. 10. 0



Gardening basket fitted with fine quality kit of tools. £16. 10. 0

Pair of steel chicken or game Secateurs. £2. 2. 6



Reversible travelling rug in fine wool. Various tartans. £7. 10. 0



"Aero" Travel Bag in coach hide leather. 26" size. £30. 12. 6



Shooting stick with large leather hammock seat. £7. 8. 0

"Zip" fastening compactus dressing case fitted with ivory mounted toilet accessories for gentlemen. £61. 7. 6

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SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Senorita Maria Luisa (Mima) Alvarez-Builla y Urquijo, daughter of the late Don Gonzalo Alvarez-Builla y Alvera and the Viscountess Exmouth, of Canonteign, Exeter, is to marry Viscount St. Cyres, son of the Earl and Countess of Idlesleigh, of Pynes, Exeter



Miss Sheelagh Caroline Maturin-Baird, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Maturin-Baird, of Langham Hall, Colchester, Essex, is engaged to be married to Lt.-Col. Raoul Robin, the Coldstream Guards, of Rosel Manor, Jersey, C. I.



Miss Joan Marion Campbell, only daughter of Major D. St. A. Campbell and Mrs. C. P. Sherston, is to marry next June Mr. Charles Michael Peake, eldest son of Sir Charles Peake, K.C.M.G., M.C., and Lady Peake, now of H.B.M. Embassy, Athens



Miss Ruth Cicely Jordan, youngest daughter of the Rev. A. B. Jordan and the late Mrs. Cicely Jordan, formerly of Singapore, is marrying Mr. Reginald Peter Gordon, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Gordon, of Wilmslow, Cheshire. The wedding is to be in January



Miss Sara MacLean, elder daughter of Capt. Hector MacLean, R.N., and Mrs. MacLean, of the Old Rectory, Burnham Deepdale, King's Lynn, Norfolk, is engaged to Major Antony M. Everett, The Wiltshire Regiment, son of the late Mr. C. F. C. Everett, and of Mrs. Everett



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SPACE AND TO SPARE is the objective—brilliantly achieved—of the Morris Oxford Traveler, in which the noted Series 11 chassis is wedded to a steel body giving the utmost room for both passengers and luggage

Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart



The Bus Blockade

PEST control is to be exercised against the London motorist. He is to be subjected to further restrictions not, this time, in the name of safety, but in the name of the prevention of traffic congestion coupled with the name of London Transport. There is no reason behind these additions to the restrictions imposed on the motorist; they are the outcome of an aimless groping by the Ministry of Transport. They are a symbolic red flag, waved again so close to the commemoration date of the Emancipation Run of November 14, 1896.

There is no reason why the hideous motor bus or the equally hideous lorry should be held sacred while the private motorist is chased and chivvied. I doubt the statement, often heard, that the bus occupies less road space per passenger than the private car. I believe the truth is the opposite. Lines of six, eight or even ten empty or nearly empty buses are often seen during a large part of every day, blocking the highway. If the average bus load be reckoned, and if the time and the peculiar mode of progress, in starts and stops, pull-ins and pull-outs be taken into account the London bus will be found to be not only one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in existence, but also a prime cause of traffic congestion. Buses should be smaller and their operations should be redesigned in the manner proposed by the London Passenger Association.

IN some country districts buses thunder round the lanes, usually empty. A bus service run by London Transport passes my door several times daily. I have never seen the bus carrying more than one passenger beside its crew of two. It is usually empty. Londoners must pay for that kind of uneconomic operation as well as for the uneconomic "off" hour operations in the town itself.

To ease traffic congestion bus operations must be re-modelled. There must also be—as my friend Mr. Basil Cardew has recently pointed out—twenty-four hour, high-speed road repair work. There is no excuse for holding up traffic while a couple of men sit by a hole in the road and have tea. Nor can the lorry congestion of places such as Covent Garden be tolerated if private motorists are to be hounded. The transport of cabbages is a matter of no greater national interest than the transport of human beings.

All of which reminds me of the verse dedicated to the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation:

The private car's a public curse.

I like it.

The Whitehall verdict's sharp and terse

"The private car's a public curse

The owner-driver's so perverse

He hinders lorry, bus and hearse

And makes congestion worse and worse

The private car's a public curse."

I like it.

The pity of it is that the Automobile Association and Royal Automobile Club fail to produce any effect with their propaganda. They ought to have joined forces with the Gatwick protest committee to check the plan for further overloading the Brighton Road now forced upon us by the Ministry. I cannot find that they did anything about it.

As for the Veteran Car run commemorating the disappearance of the man with the red flag—or should it be marking the substitution of a symbolic for a physical flag—it was over the usual course and this year it attracted a record entry of 223 machines. It was pleasant to see the entry of the Royal Danish Automobile Club, for the Hammel is claimed to be the oldest motorcar in the world

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



still retained in running order. It was built in 1886.

Among the other entries were many vehicles now fairly well known to those familiar with this event. Perhaps the outstanding point is the enthusiasm which these old machines arouse. It seems that the chugging of a well-kept antique can evoke more affection than the smooth and silent progression of a recent model. It seems to be usual for hand-made articles to exhibit a real or imaginary "personality" not to be found in the series-built article. But that idea may be nothing more than an affectation.

MIRROR megalomania—the first symptoms of which were the circulation by the Ministry of a document asking for opinions about the advisability of making a second driving mirror a compulsory fitting for all private motorcars—seems now to be subsiding. Making two mirrors compulsory would reduce rather than increase safety. The first objective should be to make it easier for the driver to concentrate his attention upon things happening on the road ahead. Redundant signs should be taken down, badly sited lamps should be removed; notices should be reduced in number. The driver should be helped to concentrate upon first things first—that is he should be encouraged to *look where he is going*. Instead the Ministry dallies with the idea of causing him to *look where he has been*.

Since the Ministry has been apostrophized once already in verse, I may as well complete the picture by quoting a piece of doggerel which was sent to the Minister, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter. It runs:

Two mirrors embellish my car,
My rear vision is better by far,
Tail-sitters don't mind 'em
For they are behind 'em
It's the people in front get the jar.

Seriously, I do believe that laying down a few first principles of road safety and of road movement would help the Ministry to avoid foolishness and to take useful action. Complication and confusion are often the result of well-meant actions which are without the coherent influence of sound first principles.

WE are now approaching the time of year when severe frost may occur and although the risk of anything severe enough to catch a car in a garage is as yet remote, our climate is so unpredictable that the best course is to fill up with anti-freeze mixture. Only those with heated garages can afford to take the risk of delaying the change.

Radiators do not always like anti-freeze mixtures, but the business of emptying and re-filling is so laborious as to be impractical.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



ALMOND—JARDINE

At St. Christopher's Church, Haslemere, Surrey, Mr. Francis R. H. Almond, son of Sir James and Lady Almond, of Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, married Miss Heather Jardine, daughter of Canon K. W. S. Jardine and the late Mrs. Jardine, of Derby Road, Haslemere



HOWARD—PHILLIPS

Mr. Nigel Howard, former captain of the Lancashire County Cricket Club, was married to Miss Ann Phillips, the England International golfer and former winner of the Girls' Championship, at Prestwich Parish Church, Lancashire



SPRAGUE—TARLETON

Mr. Rodney Sprague, of Toronto, son of the late Capt. W. A. Sprague and of Mrs. Sprague, of Berkeley, California, married at Salisbury Cathedral Miss Heather Tarleton, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Tarleton, of Sloane Court, S.W.3, (formerly of Redlynch House, near Salisbury), and of the late Lt.-Col. Francis Rowland Tarleton, D.S.O.



BEDINI-JACOBINI—HASTINGS

(Right) Mr. Leonardo Bedini-Jacobini, son of the late Count Bedini-Jacobini and of Countess Bedini-Jacobini, of Rome, married Miss Virginia Hastings, daughter of Mr. J. M. Hastings, of London, and of Mrs. Hastings, of Rainthorpe Hall, Tasburgh, Norfolk, at Wymondham Roman Catholic Church, nr. Norwich



BILTON—MOTT

Mr. Derek G. Bilton, son of Mr. Percy Bilton, of Park Street, W.1, and of Mrs. Edna G. Bilton, of Natal, married Miss Shirley E. Mott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mott, of Hurlingham Gardens, S.W.6, at All Souls', Langham Place



CAVALIERO—BEVAN

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the wedding took place of Capt. Edward Cavaliero, H.A.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cavaliero, of Folkestone, and Miss Sally Bevan, daughter of the late Mr. James Bevan and of Mrs. Bevan, of Gordon Place, Kensington

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A VIEW FROM THE CLOSE of Clifton College, showing the impressive South African War Memorial in the centre, with the South Quad behind and the end wall of the chapel on the right



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

by S. A. Patman

Clifton, Old and New

UNLIKE many famous English institutions, Clifton College cannot claim ancient lineage, as it was founded in the year 1862, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1877. One of the last of the mid-nineteenth-century foundations, the school almost at once won its place among its peers by combining the best of the old public school system with the best of the new.

The school is completely independent and receives no financial aid either from the State or the local authority. Though founded without any general endowment, in the course of time a number of scholarships have been endowed by parents and old boys. The Old Cliftonian Society, with a membership of over 5,000, has played an important part in the progress of the school, having made possible important additions to buildings and a large extension of the playing fields by the

acquisition of sixty-two acres at Beggars Bush Piece, across Brunel's great Suspension Bridge.

The school is in the unique position of being at once on the outskirts of a large city and on the edge of some of the most beautiful country in England. It lies near the ancient city of Bristol, on the edge of Clifton Down and high above the famous Avon Gorge.

THE War Memorial Gateway leads to the quadrangular buildings of early Gothic design, and nearby the graceful Chapel and Lantern Tower are notable features. The Library, presented by the first Headmaster, Dr. Percival, later Bishop of Hereford, contains many interesting pictures and records connected with the history of the school and the Old Cliftonians who have won fame in the sphere of scholarship and of public life.

The original school playing field was the School Close, and the chief matches and athletic sports are still held there. Later was

added "New Field" and more recently Beggar's Bush.

In 1872 the college cricket team played Cheltenham, who were until fifty years ago the only school opponents. Gradually other schools were met, and today in addition to the traditional match with Cheltenham, Rugby, Tonbridge, Marlborough and Sherborne figure in the fixture card.

MANY Old Cliftonians have gained distinction in the cricket field since E. F. S. Tylecote kept wicket for England against Australia in 1886 and K. J. Key captained Surrey. Undoubtedly the most famous Cliftonian is Charles L. Townsend, the brilliant England and Gloucestershire all-rounder of the nineties, who first played for the Western county before reaching his seventeenth birthday.

Other notable Cliftonians include R. P. Keigwin, who represented Cambridge University at cricket, rackets, football and hockey, A. D. Imlay, later to return to his old school to take charge of cricket for many years, and B. O. Allen, the recent captain of Gloucestershire. One College record must be mentioned, the innings of 628 not out by A. E. J. Collins in a House match, which still stands as the highest score in any class of cricket.

FROM the days of the great John Daniell, Clifton has always been considered one of the best Rugby schools in the country and the high standard of the past has been well maintained in postwar years, a tribute to the excellent coaching of J. MacG. Kendall-Carpenter, of P. W. P. Brook, and of T. U. Wells, the Cambridge Blue. In 1952 two Old Cliftonians, N. Gibbs and P. D. Young, and J. MacG. Kendall-Carpenter played for England.

Although Clifton has yet to win the Public Schools' Rackets Championship, they have made three appearances at Queen's Club in the final stage. In other sporting activities the College VIII has on five occasions won the Ashburton Shield, competed for by all the public schools at Bisley, and two members of the College Boat Club which rows on the Avon were in the Oxford Eight of 1953.

Blundell's School will appear in the issue of December 8.



CLIFTON COLLEGE FIRST XV, NOVEMBER 1954. Standing: P. F. G. Charteris, N. J. Treadwell, A. R. Birley, D. G. Perry, P. J. Holloway, N. G. W. Playne, A. M. Aslett, M. H. P. Davis. Sitting: M. R. Williams, T. G. Higson, C. B. Salt, T. F. Mathias (captain), T. D. Snowden, D. C. Mills, A. R. H. Rogers

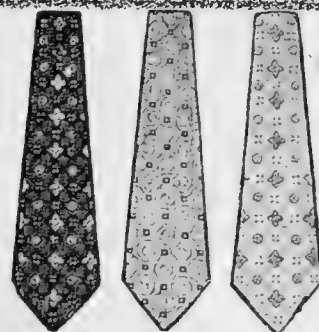
So perfectly presentable



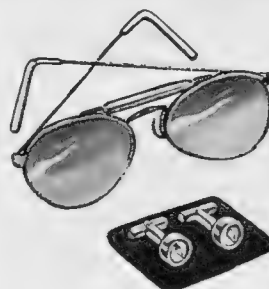
Luxurious heavy-knit sweater with zipped front and raglan sleeves. Red, black, natural, bottle green and white. £8.8.0



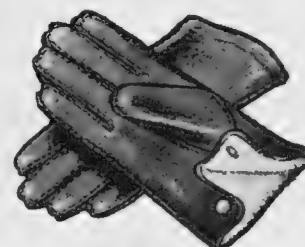
Superb coach hide brief case with inside compartments and large outside zipped pocket. The perfect bag for overnight visits. £9.15.0



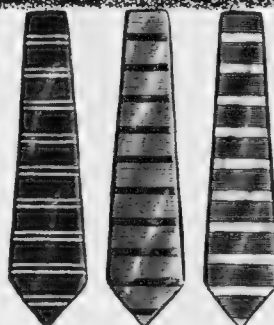
Italian foulard silk ties in gay designs and a great many attractive colours. £1.1.0



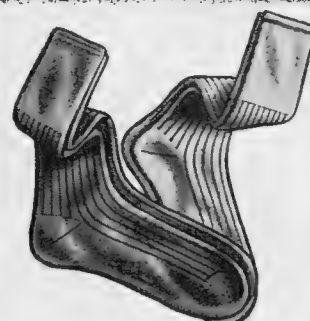
Night-driving glasses with anti-glare lenses. £1.5.0
Novel compass cuff links. £1.17.6



Hand-sewn cape gloves with a warm, luxurious lamb lining. £2.15.0



Italian silk ties, cut with the new narrow look. In horizontal stripes in many colours. £1.4.0



Simpson Socks of fine quality wool nylon spliced at heel and toe. Saxe, yellow, wine, bottle, also grey, lovat and brown mixtures to tone with his Daks. 8/6



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YLLA, the famous animal photographer, introduces us to a pair of enchanting cubs in *Two Little Bears* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.). The story of their adventures in the enthralling big world away from their mother's side is sympathetically recounted by Paulette Falconnet

Books [Continuing from page 494]

The Eerie Side of New York

Of the famous Lotusbud's long-expected litter, only one pup looks anything like he should. Who is to fathom the dark secret of Bamboo Willowleaf's paternity? Mrs. Valerius decides to go forward and take chances—nor does beautiful "Boo" seem likely to let her down. . . . Comicality, though of a kindly sort, envelops these human inhabitants of the dog world: Miss Ponsonby has given us quite a gallery. On the whole the dogs (most tellingly drawn) seem less eccentric than their owners. *Dogs In Clover* abounds in rewarding scenes, and is to be heartily recommended.

★ ★ ★

H E NEVER CAME BACK, by Helen McCloy (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is an instance of this American lady's manner of playing on your or my special neurosis; and, at the same time, constructing a hard-boiled detective story. Who fears that following footsteps down silent night streets? Who shrinks from an alien presence in a dark room? Who dreads that, suddenly, a friend may vanish, perhaps for ever? And who deeply mistrusts automatic lifts?

All or any of these will react to *He Never Came Back*—which is set in a civilized part of polite New York. Those who hope it may some day be their luck to pick up a priceless gem, unbeknownst, for sixpence will (I may promise) be encouraged. One should beware, however, of what comes next. . . .

Other Book Suggestions

THE NOBLE SAVAGE: A Life of Paul Gauguin, by Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson (Chatto & Windus, 21s.). This is the first English biography of the painter to make use of the original material in French. A very full picture both of the temperament of the man and (by means of the illustrations) the development of the artist is built up. The life story, with its "break away" from all ties, is as dramatic as any. The Tahiti chapters are excellent.

★ ★ ★

QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING (Dent, 10s. 6d.). A collection of memorable broadcasts by Dylan Thomas, all the more to be valued and studied now that the poet will not be heard again.

★ ★ ★

THE BLIND MAN, by Walter Jens (André Deutsch, 8s. 6d.). Of this author's work, whose originality has been commended by Arthur Koestler, this is the first novel to be translated into English. A grim but wonderful representation of the sensations surrounding blindness. The hero re-makes his destiny after loss of sight.

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ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp and clean, fresh and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb chateau wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle

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LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

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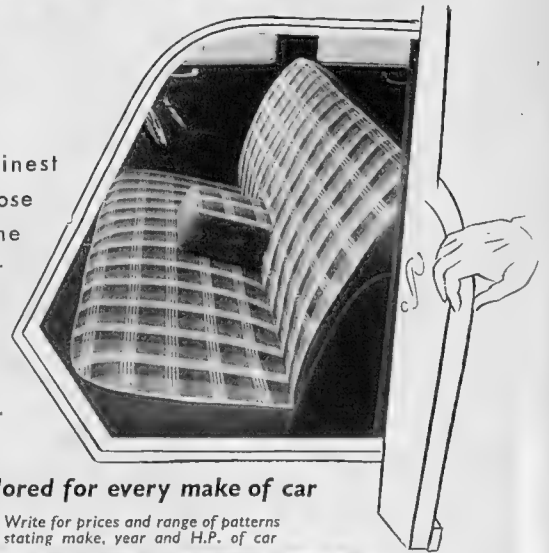
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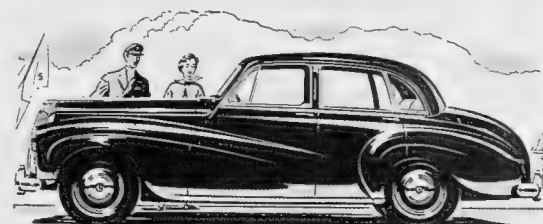
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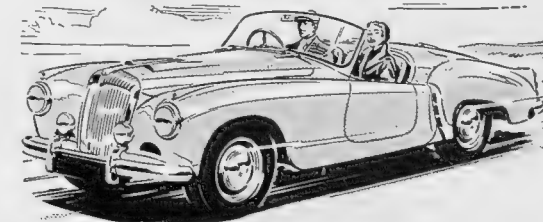
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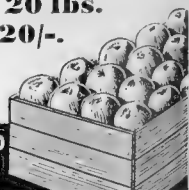
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The Englishman's★ Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen★ should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

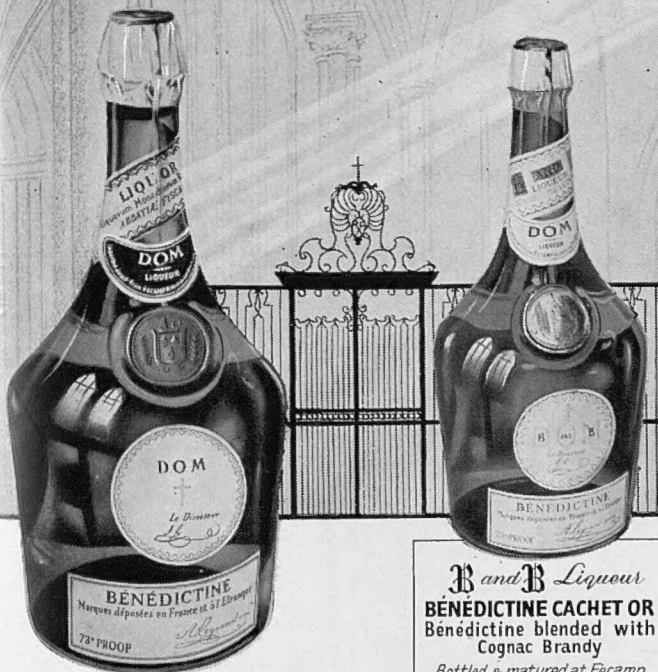
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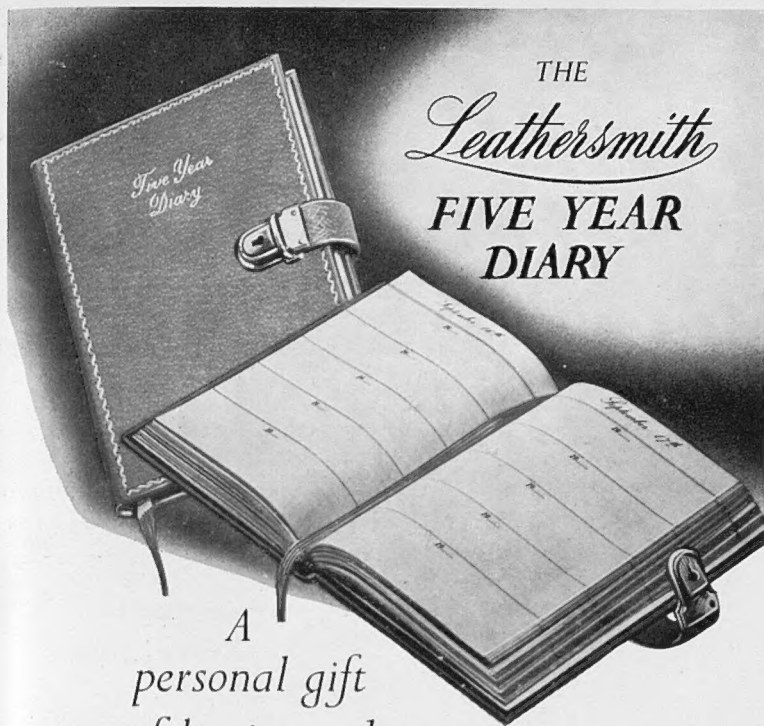
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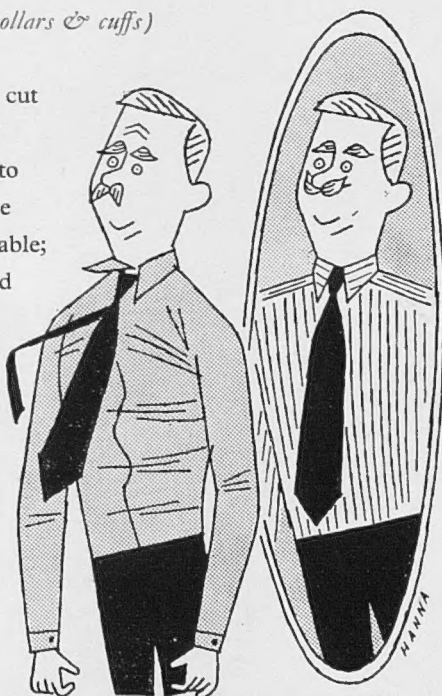
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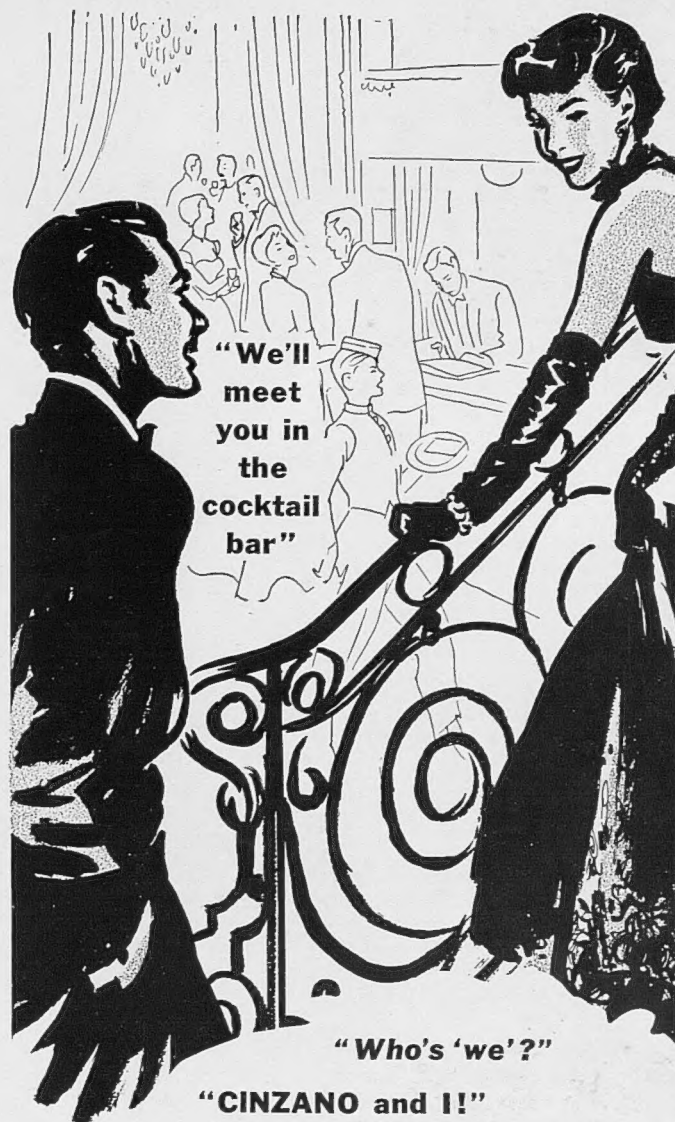


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